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ABSTRACT

Written as a curriculum aid for students in the Bainbridge Island, Washington school district, this collection of stories about the Japanese, the Chinese, the Hawaiians, the Filipinos, the Vietnamese, and the American and Canadian Indians is an attempt to explain "what life is like for people who look different". The stories all relate the history of each of these ethnic groups on Bainbridge Island, an agricultural community, from the time of their arrival through the present. Accounts of individual's experiences from each group and black and white photographs are used to illustrate the stories. (PR)

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THEY CAST A LONG SHADOW

A History of
the Nonwhite Races
on Bainbridge Island

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WHAT THIS BOOK IS ABOUT

These are the stories of some people whose faces were different. They lived among white people, but because they were of different races, some of the white people never noticed them. Some noticed them and wanted them to stay on Bainbridge Island. Others wanted to put them all on a ship and send them back where they came from.

Many of these different people were only here a short time. These were the Chinese, Hawaiians, and some Japanese and Filipinos who came here to work at the biggest sawmill in the world. They could earn money here that they couldn't earn in their homes far away. Here they lived in their own little villages for a few years, working hard and saving what they could. When they had enough saved up, they went back home to live with their families.

Others came who decided not to go back home. They liked this country and found enough friendly people here to make them feel welcome. These people were mostly Filipinos and Japanese. They worked hard too, and started families here. They became Americans. Their children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren are Americans too.

It isn't always easy, though, to be an American whose face is different.

There were others who couldn't go home because they already were home. These were the Indians. Not only did they look different, but they also lived in a different way. They loved the island for what it gave them, and they never asked very much of it. They picked its berries, dug its clams, and hunted its game, but they let its trees grow till they seemed to touch the sky. When the white men cleared away the trees and dug up the ground, they found new jobs to do. But it hasn't been easy for them either.

This book will tell you what these different people did on Bainbridge Island. But more than that, it will tell you how some of them felt about being different.

THEY WERE HERE FIRST

The Real Discoverer

Nobody knows who discovered Bainbridge Island. But one thing we know for sure: It wasn't a white person. It was an Indian who lived more than five thousand years ago. That's how long we know that Indians have lived by Puget Sound. They may even have lived here long before that.

In that very long time the Indians who lived in this part of the country created a way of life all their own. Fish were plentiful, so they learned how to catch great numbers of them for food. There was much water and many islands, so they learned how to build swift canoes to go from place to place. There was plenty of wood for building, so they learned how to make large houses out of wooden planks. They carved and painted wood to make masks, statues, chests, and totem poles in their own kind of art.

The Indians didn't always know they were Indians. For a long time they just called themselves "people." They didn't know there was any other kind of people. They were divided into many small nations.

Then along came the white people and told them, "Your different nations all look the same to us. And you are all different from us. We will call you all Indians."

The Indians have different faces from the white people. Their skin is darker and their cheeks are broader. Their eyes and hair are dark. White people thought these differences were important.

Meeting a White Man

The first white person who came to the Sound was Captain George Vancouver of the British Navy. He came here with two sailing ships almost two hundred years ago. The Suquamish nation of Indians had claim to Bainbridge Island then. They roamed over all the land from Kingston on the north to Gig Harbor on the south.

Eighty Suquamish were digging in a meadow when they first saw Vancouver's ship. They were digging up wild onion roots to eat. Their leader was the great war chief Kitsap, the man Kitsap County is named after.

This meeting took place at Port Blakely, at the south end of the island. But it wasn't called Port Blakely until fifty years later. The Suquamish had names for the island and all its parts, but their names have been replaced.

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The captain didn't think very highly of the Suquamish. He thought they didn't know how to build good homes. In his logbook he wrote, "I visited the village, if it may be so dignified, as it appeared the most lowly and meanest of its kind.

"The best of the huts were poor and miserable, constructed something after the fashion of a soldier's tent, by two cross sticks about five feet high, connected at each end by a ridge-pole from one to the other, over some of which was thrown a coarse kind of mat, over others a few loose branches . . .

"None, however, appeared to be constructed for protecting them either against the heat of summer, or the inclemency of the winter."

Old Man House

What the captain didn't know was that the huts he was looking at were not a village at all. They were a camp. Chief Kitsap and his people camped all around the shore of Bainbridge in the summer and fall. They caught fish and smoked them for their winter's food. They dug clams and cooked them on the beach. The women picked berries and dried them in the sun to eat later.

When the cold winds of winter started to blow, the Suquamish would pack up their camps and go back to their permanent villages. Kitsap and his people had a village at Pleasant Beach. Later they built one at Suquamish town, just across Agate Passage. Suquamish is one of the oldest towns in Kitsap County, because Indians lived there long before white settlers came.

At Suquamish town the Suquamish nation built a long wooden apartment house they called Old Man House. This name was a way of showing their respect for it. That was like calling it "Honorable House" or "Mr. House."

Old Man House was built firmly, with heavy beams and posts. It was decorated with carvings and statues. As many as seven hundred people lived there at the same time. The beach in front was lined with their canoes.

Traces on the Island

The Suquamish left many traces of the time they spent on the island. Here and there at the water's edge you can see a layer of crushed clamshells in the sand. Sometimes there is a layer of wood ashes over the shells. These are places where the Suquamish made camp.

They cooked clams for their dinner and left the broken shells, which made a sort of pavement. Some of the camp-

sites were used over and over for many years. There was one at Manzanita Bay, another at West Port Madison, and another at the Sand Spit. (See the map on the back cover.)

A few names on the island remind us of the Indians. Arrow Point is named for arrowheads that were found there. Tolo, as in Tolo Road, is an Indian word that means "to earn." Manitou, as in Manitou Park, is an Indian word but was not used by the Indians who lived on the Sound.

Many years ago the Indians buried some of their dead at Battle Point, on the west side of the island. People who live there now have found skeletons in their yards. No one knows how many skeletons may still be lying there.

Battles and Raids

Battle Point got its name from a fierce battle that was fought there. The Suquamish were led by Chief Kitsap in that battle. They defeated Indians from Canada. They also won another battle where Port Madison is now.

There were other battles that the Suquamish did not win. Indians from Canada were their greatest enemies. They would swoop down from the north in their painted war canoes and make a surprise raid on a camp. They would take all the food and valuables. They would carry off women and children to be their slaves.

The Suquamish would go up to Canada and do the same thing. They kept slaves too.

Most of the Indian nations around here had slaves when the white people came. At that time, white people had slaves too.

The Two Leaders

When white people came, the two great leaders of the Suquamish were Chief Kitsap and Chief Seattle. Some people say that Seattle was the greater chief, and that all nations on the Sound did what he said. They say that Kitsap had less power.

Other people say it was just the other way around, and that Kitsap was greater. The story you get depends on whom you talk to.

Many white people think Seattle was great because he was good to them. He signed the treaty that gave them Bainbridge Island and other lands. He became a Christian, and he always tried to avoid bloodshed. So they named a great city after him.

Many Indians feel that Kitsap was greater. He did not practice the white people's religion. Instead he kept to the old faith of his people. When the whites did not treat

him well, he fought for his rights. He joined other Indians who attacked their settlements.

The truth is probably that the two chiefs were great in different ways. Seattle was a clear thinker and gifted speaker. When talks were held, people listened to Seattle's ideas. But when there was fighting to be done, Kitsap took charge. He was a fierce and strong fighter. He boasted that no Indian or white man could kill him.

The Treaty

The Suquamish gave up Bainbridge Island at the Treaty of Point Elliott in 1855. Loggers and homesteaders were already settling on the island. Chief Seattle signed for the Suquamish and made a speech.

He didn't speak in an angry voice, but it was clear from the words of his speech that he was not happy. He wouldn't have signed the paper if he didn't think he had to.

In his own language he said, "The white chief says that Big Chief at Washington sends us greetings of friendship and good will. That is kind of him, for we know that he has little need of our friendship in return.

"His people are many. They are like the grass that covers vast prairies. My people are few. They resemble the scattering trees of a stormswept plain.

"The great—and I presume good—white chief sends us word that he wishes to buy our lands, but he is willing to allow us enough to live comfortably. This indeed appears just, even generous, for the red man no longer has rights that he need respect . . .

"I will not dwell on, nor mourn over, our untimely decay, nor reproach our paleface brothers with hastening it, as we too may have been somewhat to blame."

To Indians' minds, it was wrong to buy or sell land. They thought that was like buying and selling the air we breathe. Land, they said, was made for all people to use together.

The earth, to them, was the mother of humankind. The earth was to be enjoyed, not worked. They didn't think nature could be improved upon. The poem on the next page expresses very well the way the Indians felt.

The Indian War

Once the treaty paper was signed, the Indians no longer could roam across Bainbridge Island. They still camped on its shores, but white men took over the forests and meadows. They were supposed to be paid for what they gave up.

THIS IS MY LAND

This is my land
From the time of the first moon
Till the time of the last sun
It was given to my people.
Wha-neh Wha-neh, the great giver of life
Made me out of the earth of this land
He said, "You are the land, and the land is you."
I take good care of this land,
For I am part of it,
I take good care of the animals,
For they are my brothers and sisters,
I take care of the streams and rivers,
For they clean my land.
I honor Ocean as my father,
For he gives me food and a means of travel.
Ocean knows everything, for he is everywhere.
Ocean is wise, for he is old.
Listen to Ocean, for he speaks wisdom
He sees much, and knows more
He says, "Take care of my sister, Earth,
She is young and has little wisdom, but much kindness."
"When she smiles, it is springtime."
"Scar not her beauty, for she is beautiful beyond all things."
"Her face looks eternally upward to the beauty of sky and stars,
When once she lived with her father, Sky."
I am forever grateful for this beautiful and bountiful earth.
God gave it to me
This is my land.

--Clarence Pickernell,
Quinault nation

Years went by. No money came. The Indians grew poorer and hungrier as they waited for it. Congress, back in Washington, D.C., had to approve the treaty first. And Congress was very slow.

Finally some of the Indian nations could take no more. They decided to attack the whites. Chief Seattle and most of the Suquamish refused to join them.

Kitsap did not agree with Seattle. He wanted to drive out the whites. He took some of his fighting men and went across the Sound to join the hostile Indians.

Not all the Suquamish on this side of the Sound felt the way Kitsap did. Those who stayed behind did not harm the white people. One of them, a woman named Sally, even helped to save the town of Seattle.

Sally was sometimes called Sally Meigs. This was because she did housework for Mrs. Meigs, the mill owner's wife, at Port Madison. Sometimes she was called Sally Kitsap. She may have been a relative of Chief Kitsap.

When Sally heard that the Indians were going to attack Seattle town, she went to Suquamish town. She told what she had heard to Mrs. Maynard, the sister of the Indian agent. Then she helped to paddle Mrs. Maynard across the Sound in a canoe. They brought the warning to the town of Seattle. The attack failed.

The war ended quickly after that. Then the Indian agent met with the chiefs to hear why they were unhappy. Chief Seattle told him how disappointed he was.

"I am not a bad man," said Seattle. "I do not drink rum . . . I am and always have been a friend to the whites. . .I don't steal, nor do any of my people steal from the whites.

"O Mr. Simmons, why do not our papers come back to us? You always say they will come back, but they do not come. I fear that we are forgotten or that we are to be cheated out of our land.

"I have been very poor and hungry all winter, and am very sick now. In a little while I will die. I should like to be paid for my lands before I die. Many of my people died during the cold winter without getting their pay.

"When I die my people will be very poor--they will have no property, no chief, and no one to talk for them, Mr. Simmons, when I am gone."

Living with White People

The money finally came, and Chief Seattle lived a few years longer. He spent a lot of time on Bainbridge Island

visiting his granddaughter, Mary DeShaw. She was married to William DeShaw, the white trader at Agate Point.

Seattle also spent a lot of time with his friend Mr. Meigs at the Port Madison sawmill. When Seattle died, the sawmill was closed for the day as a mark of respect.

There were other Suquamish who lived on the island after the treaty was signed. Now that their land was sold, they had to have jobs to get by. And they could find jobs on the island.

The Suquamish men would work in the sawmills. The women would do housework for the white women or would weave baskets to sell. They lived apart from the white people because of their different customs. Sometimes there were misunderstandings between the races because they did things in different ways.

The Suquamish didn't knock on doors. When they came to visit, they just walked right in. If they were passing by, they might press their faces against a window to see what was going on inside. Sometimes this frightened the white people.

They did these things because they were not used to the notion of privacy. They didn't practice it among themselves. In their town, a locked door was thought to be an insult.

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The Indian custom was that if a person made a visit at night, he should enter the house and go to the middle of the room. Then he should utter a loud grunt. That would wake the sleeping family.

At first the family would refuse him food and shelter. Then, after a little while, they would give it to him. But if he knocked on the door or stood by it, they would wonder what he was up to.

Robert B. Ross Sr. was an early settler of Port Madison. His family often had Indian visitors at night.

"When our family first arrived at Port Madison in 1871," wrote Mr. Ross, "we lived close to an Indian camp and some people asked if we weren't afraid of the Indians. But we never locked our doors, and quite often an Indian would come in and when inside announce his presence with a grunt.

"My mother, being a light sleeper, usually was first up to see what he wanted. It was usually coffee and food, which he received for some sick member of his family.

"We did not fear the Indians and always found them to be very good neighbors and willing to do for us."

Helping Their Neighbors

The government promised in the treaty that it would protect the Suquamish from their enemies. But the protec-

tion was like the money that was promised: It was slow in coming.

For several years Canadian Indians kept coming into the Sound. They bothered the Suquamish, and sometimes they stole things from the white people too.

A Suquamish named Teokobid lived at Port Madison. The white people called him Sam. Teokobid used to warn his white neighbors whenever the enemy Indians' canoes were seen on the Sound.

Mr. Ross remembered that Teokobid would come and tell his family to take all the clothes off their clotheslines and lock up all their tools. Other people lost a lot of things, but friendly Indians always warned the Rosses.

The Indians' Ways

Many white people mistakenly called the Indians lazy because they did not have many possessions and did not plan for the future. But the Indians thought planning was useless. They thought it was selfish to hoard wealth. They lived each day as it came. If a person accepts this world as it is given to him, they said, and lives as he should with it, there will not be any sickness or lack of food.

The Indians did things as they needed to. They didn't set special times for doing things. If a meeting was called for noon, people would show up as near that time as they wished. The meeting would start when everyone got there. Nobody minded if it was an hour or two late.

A person who had a lot of anything was expected to share it. Nobody was respected for being wealthy. People got respect by giving away wealth instead.

A potlatch was a big event in an Indian town. This was a feast where the host gave away all he owned to the guests. He might be poor for a while afterward, but everyone would admire him for what he did.

Because of this practice, the Indians were always generous in sharing their things with their white neighbors.

The Old Ways and the New Ways

The Suquamish quickly took some of the white people's ways of living. Old Man House was torn down, and the families went to live in little houses of their own. They wore white people's clothing instead of their own robes of cedar bark. They worked at white people's jobs.

For a long time the government tried to take away the Indians' old beliefs and make them over like white people.

We know now that this can't be done. It made the Suquamish unhappy when the government tried to change them.

Indians who kept the old ways were often called "Siwash." This is an impolite word and should not be used any more. It comes from the word "savage." Nobody likes to be called a savage.

When the Indians were unhappy, many of them got sick. Some took to drinking to forget their troubles. White men who didn't care about them sold them rum to drink.

A lot of them died from diseases, from too much drinking, and from not taking care of themselves. People said there soon would be no Indians left.

But they survived, and now they are doing better. The government is not trying to change them any more. The Indians are saying "No" to some of the white men's ideas that were forced on them.

The Indians still believe the earth is holy and must be treated kindly. They still believe it is important to keep in harmony with nature. They believe in using the land they have left for the good of the whole community, not for individuals.

THE TALKING CEDAR TREE

Mrs. Hillaire

Mrs. Lena Hillaire is 85 years old and lives in Suquamish town. She is Chief Kitsap's great-granddaughter and knows many of the old legends of the Suquamish nation. This is the story of how the Suquamish came to live in Kitsap County.

Way up north in Canada a long time ago some Indian braves were paddling a canoe along a river. They heard a deep voice saying "Help! Help! A big storm has almost blown me down." The voice was coming from a giant cedar tree.

"If you will set me up straight and cover up my roots with earth, so that I can keep growing, I will someday grow to be very tall with a huge trunk. Someday there will be another big storm, which will knock me down, and then you may make a giant canoe out of my trunk.

"You and all your families can ride in this canoe away from the North Star, into the big water, until you come to a new land that will be like a paradise. You and your families can live there happily forever."

So the Indians planted the roots under the earth and straightened up the huge cedar tree. Sure enough, many years later there was a big storm. When they went down the river again they saw their cedar tree on its side at the edge of the forest.

They carved the big tree into a huge canoe and piled in all their families and tools and other things they would need in the new land. Then they went away from the North Star and into the big water until finally they came to a beautiful new land, which we now call Suquamish.

CHIEF KITSAP

When Captain Vancouver's ship came into sight, the Indians who saw it were confused. But Chief Kitsap knew just what to do. He paddled out and threw a fur pelt aboard. This meant he wanted to trade.

Vancouver traded him iron tools and knives in exchange for furs. The Suquamish used those tools and knives for the next fifty years.

Kitsap was known for his strength and his forceful character. One corner post of Old Man House was carved into a statue. It showed a life-size warrior holding a bow and arrow. This was said to be a statue of Chief Kitsap.

His greatest battle was against the Cowichan nation in Canada. He took 200 canoes full of men up there to punish the Cowichans for their raids. They killed all the old people they found, and took the women and children as slaves.

On their way home, Kitsap's men met the young Cowichan men. They were just returning from another raid on Puget Sound. Both sides killed all their prisoners. Then they started to fight.

The battle lasted six hours. Many men were killed on both sides. Kitsap returned with only forty canoes. The Cowichans had about the same number.

Kitsap was wounded many times in his life. He healed his wounds by himself. Because of that, he was known as a medicine man. He started giving medicine to other people. And that was how he met his downfall.

When he was on trial for his part in the Indian war, he got sick. The soldiers gave him a red liquid to drink. It cured him.

After he was let go, three of his men got sick. Then he made his fatal mistake: He mixed some red warpaint in water, and he gave it to them to drink.

The three men drank the red liquid, and they died. Their relatives said it was Kitsap's fault. They shot him in revenge. He was then about ninety years old.

Chief Kitsap is buried somewhere on Bainbridge Island, his old hunting ground. On the beach at Agate Point there is a big rock with pictures scratched on it. Pictures like these are called petroglyphs. Some of the Suquamish say that the petroglyphs tell the way to Kitsap's grave, if anyone could read them. But no one can.

The petroglyphs at Agate Point

THE SAWMILL DAYS

White men were drawn to Bainbridge Island by the promise of wealth. Big trees covered the island, and none of them were far from water. Besides that, the island had good harbors. Once the trees were cut down, it was easy to skid them to sawmills in the harbors.

The mills would shape the wood into planks and beams. Then sailing ships and steamships would come into the harbor. The wood would be loaded onto the ships right there at the mills.

Some of the roads on the island were first built as skid roads to take trees to the mills. Wardwell Road is one of those. Many of those roads were corduroy roads. They were made of short logs laid side by side.

Here and there on the island you can see giant old stumps with notches cut in the sides. These are left over from the early days of logging. Loggers cut the notches to hold planks that stuck out from the sides of the tree. Then they stood on the planks and sawed through the trunk.

Port Madison

George Meigs, a man from Vermont, opened the island's first sawmill at Port Madison in 1854. Port Madison quickly became an important town. The city of Seattle was still only a little village then. People described Seattle by saying it was "across the water from Port Madison"!

An Indian settlement grew up across the bay from the mill. About fifty or sixty Suquamish lived there. Some of them worked at the mill, and they called themselves the "Mr. Meigs Indians."

The Indian workers were paid by the day. At the end of a day's work an Indian would pick up a brass token from the pay window. The tokens had "M.G." stamped on them for "Meigs and Gawley." (Mr. Gawley was Mr. Meigs's partner.) The Indians used them for cash at the trading posts.

Workers for the mill came from far and wide. At first most of them were white. But after a while came workers whose faces were a different color. They came from China, Japan, the Philippines, and other countries of Asia.

A special census of Kitsap County was taken in 1883. It showed about twenty Chinese men who lived at Port Madison. They worked as laundrymen, fishermen, and cooks.

Some of the Chinese men were listed in the census by their real names, but others were only given nicknames. Two of those nicknames were "China Charlie" and "Old Sam."

The census taker found two Japanese men at Port Madison. He listed them as "Japan Joe" and "Charles Jose." Either he didn't bother to get their names right, or they didn't know enough English to make him understand.

Port Blakely

By this time there was another sawmill at Port Blakely. It grew to be much larger than the Port Madison mill, and it stayed in business many years longer. It was started in 1863 by Captain William Renton. (The city of Renton is named after him.)

Indians worked at that mill too. The head man of the Indian village there called himself "Captain Renton." That was to show his respect for the mill's owner.

The census taker found dozens of Chinese at Port Blakely. Finally he stopped asking for their names or even their nicknames. On the last page of his list, he just wrote "Chinaman" 39 times. Then he filled in their ages and trades. Almost all of them worked for the sawmill.

He also found two Japanese men at Port Blakely. He listed them as "Mart Cone" and "Jack Hardy." That was probably as close as he could come to their real names. In those days white people thought Japanese names were terribly hard to pronounce.

A Filipino man at Port Blakely was listed only by the nickname "Manilla." That was most likely the name of the city he came from.

How the Chinese Were Treated

A Chinese businessman, Mr. Wa Chong of Seattle, brought the Chinese workers to Port Blakely. He had a contract with Captain Renton to supply labor for the mill. The Chinese worked on the dock and in the cookhouse.

They loaded and unloaded the steamship "Blakely" when she was in port. They also "wooded her up," which means they loaded wood aboard to be burned in her steam engine.

The Chinese lived apart from the white people in a house of their own. They rented a garden plot from Mrs. Renton and fenced it off. Then they raised hogs in it. But they had to stop when some county officials told them the hogs were a nuisance.

The Chinese were quiet. They were not much noticed by the white people of Port Blakely. They seem to have

stayed away from the white people because they didn't feel welcome.

The Chinese didn't speak English, so they couldn't tell the white people how they felt. But they did tell Wa Chong. He sent a letter to Captain Renton to tell him what was happening. Look at the next page to see a copy of that letter.

It doesn't seem as if the letter did any good. The Chinese kept working at the mill for a while, but they slowly went away. New jobs were filled by other men from Asia.

It was easy to find workers from other countries who needed the jobs, no matter how badly they were treated. And they never were treated as well as white men.

Dreams That Didn't Come True

In those days young men growing up in Asia heard stories about how wonderful America was. They heard that everyone here was rich. They heard that there was a mountain of gold just waiting for someone to haul it away.

When they got here they learned the awful truth. They had to work in the mill six days a week, ten hours a day. They got the hard, backbreaking, low-paying jobs.

LETTER FROM WA CHONG TO CAPTAIN RENTON

Seattle Nov. 22nd 1878

Capt. Renton

Dear sir:

The Chinamen in your employ complain bitterly of the usage they receive from the hands of some of your men, more particularly at the hands of the mate of the steamer Blakely. We have had, during the past year, over 50 men at Port Gamble and have had no complaints whatever.

We write to you in person about this trouble, feeling that you are not aware of the abuse our men are receiving at the hands of these other workmen, and believing also that when the facts come to your knowledge, that you will put a stop to it.

Chinamen have feelings and know when they are properly used, as well as other men. We therefore place this matter before you and feel assured that justice will be done to us and the men in our employ.

Yours truly,

Wa Chong

N.B. The men sent to wood up Blakely last evening took their coats off on the steamer, and could not find them afterwards. No doubt they were hidden or thrown overboard by the white men. Please see about this matter.

They had to stack lumber, sweep sawdust, oil the machines, and haul away the leftover slabs.

They were not paid the same as white men. If a white man was doing the same job as an Asian, he got more money for it. Most Asians got exactly the same pay, no matter how long they worked at the mill. After ten years a man's pay would still be the same as when he was hired.

Sometimes, when wage rates went up, new workers were hired for more money. But the Asians who had been around a long time did not get raises. Few Asians got any chance to learn skilled jobs that would have paid better.

Many of the hard jobs at the mill were dangerous too. If a pile of lumber toppled over while a man was stacking it, it could crush him. The law said that the mill company had to pay men who got hurt, unless it was their own fault.

The company had to make full reports of all accidents. Each report had to give the worker's name and tell how he got hurt. It had to say whether it was the company's fault.

When it was not a white man who was hurt, the reports were done carelessly. Sometimes they didn't use names. Some injured men were just listed by number, like "Jap No. 1177" or "Jap No. 1054."

Injured men who weren't white sometimes didn't get the pay that was coming to them. They didn't know their rights, so they didn't protest. On one accident report it says, "The injured is a Filipino and not likely to make any complaint."

In the old Port Blakely cemetery you can see tombstones with strange writing on them. This is Japanese writing. Some of them mark the graves of workers who were killed in accidents at the mill.

I. Tamezani is one of those. He was one of the first two Japanese listed on the mill's payroll. He was killed in 1898, when he was 34 years old. The mill had other Japanese workers before him, but they were not listed on the payroll as they should have been.

A Town of Many Nations

This was frontier country in those days, and life was rough and dirty. Everyone was a pioneer (except the Indians, of course). Nobody cared much about who a person was or where he came from. A lot of the mill workers came into the country illegally.

Sailors used to jump ship at midnight in the harbor so they could go to work in the mill. When the captain got

ready to sail in the morning, he would find he had a short crew. He would have to send out the mate to pick up men off the street. (Sometimes men were picked up against their will. This was called "being shanghaied.")

In this way Port Blakely became a town of many nations. Workers came from Austria, Chile, England, the Philippines, Hawaii, Italy, Mexico, Puerto Rico, and the countries of Scandinavia. A newspaper reporter wrote, "This mill company employs all the different kinds of people that are on earth at the present time, including inhabitants of the islands."

Many young men arrived from Japan with only one suit, a bedroll, and less than $10 to their name—and no passport. No questions were asked about the passport. They could go to work at the mill right away for $1.30 or $1.40 a day. They also got meals and a place to sleep.

Honest Men and Gamblers

Before 1894, the Japanese workers were crowded together in one bunkhouse. Their families were far away, and they had no women to make things nice for them. They often spent their off hours gambling, wasting their time, and sometimes acting rowdy.

Kihachi Hirakawa came from Japan in 1890 to work in the mill. Later he became pastor of the Japanese Baptist Church on the island. He wrote down what it was like when he first came:

"In the camp of the sawmill there were 24 Japanese living together at the same place . . . They were working 10 hours every day except Sunday, but every night were gambling until midnight or 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning . . . I couldn't sleep by their noisy talk or sometimes [they would] quarrel or fight."

About a year later a Mr. Fujita of the Japanese Consulate visited Port Blakely to see how the Japanese were doing. He looked in at the bunkhouse at 10 o'clock in the morning. He was shocked. Thirty men were in there, gambling when they should have been working.

Mr. Fujita wrote an angry report back to his consulate. He told them there were 80 Japanese at the mill, but only twelve of those were "honest workers." Another fifty worked only when they needed the money. The rest were full-time gamblers.

Not only that, but some of the gamblers were free-loaders. "Pretending they were employed," he said, "they ate with the men in the dining room and spent the rest of the time doing nothing but gambling.

"No condemning remarks will indeed be too harsh," wrote Mr. Fujita, "to describe the shameless conduct of these Japanese."

The Beginning of Family Life

Hanjiro Kono was the boss of the Japanese at the mill. He put a stop to the gambling in 1894. He told the men they must save their money instead of gambling it away.

Mr. Kono was the middleman between the Japanese workers and the mill owners. He got jobs for the Japanese. He took care of their problems and looked after the Japanese community. He wanted it to be the kind of place where men could bring families.

The gamblers drifted away, and a new kind of people came to take their place.

"Fortunately my bad companions went to another place," wrote Rev. Hirakawa, "and they were replaced by good, earnest farmers so the environment was much improved. Now after three years at Port Blakely, no one disturbed my reading or my slumbers."

The mill company set aside some land where the new families could live without paying rent. It was close to the south yard of the mill, where most of the Japanese men worked. The company gave the families lumber, and they used it to build themselves a village.

White people called the village "Japtown." "Jap" is a disrespectful word for Japanese people. It makes them unhappy, so it is no longer used today. In those days, though, people often did not think of the feelings of people from other countries.

On Fort Ward Hill Road, there was a Hawaiian village. It was right next to the Japanese village. The Indian village was on the south side of the harbor too. There were also Spanish, Italian, Swedish, and Finnish neighborhoods.

Hawaiians at the Mill

Hawaiians were another nation of people with dark faces. Some of them came to work at the mill as early as 1880. Many of them were called by nicknames, just like the other people who were not white.

"Kanaka" was one nickname that was used in the early days for Hawaiians. That means "person" in the Hawaiian language.

More Hawaiians came after Hawaii became a territory of the United States. By 1912 or 1913 there were quite a few of them in the Hawaiian village. A Hawaiian athlete who was touring the country made a special stop in Port Blakely to visit them.

The athlete was Duke Kahanamoku. He was a champion swimmer in the 1912 Olympics. He was also the man who made the sport of surfing popular in this country.

Mrs. Freda Adams lived at Port Blakely then. She remembers the visit of Duke Kahanamoku. To show how strong he was, he waded into the water carrying two big boulders. Then he swam with the boulders under his arms. He also entertained people by diving off the pilings at the mouth of the harbor.

Mrs. Adams's father, Mr. Brigfield, once saved the life of a Hawaiian worker who fell into the water. In return for saving his life, the worker and many of his Hawaiian friends used to visit the Brigfields on Sunday afternoons. They would serenade the family by playing beautiful Hawaiian songs on their ukuleles.

A Colony of Ne'er-do-wells

Not everybody lived in a community of his own kind. On Toejam Hill there was a colony of people from several different nations. They didn't much care what other people thought of them, and they drank a lot.

Their real names are mostly forgotten. There was Handsome Harry, who lived with his Indian wife. There was Big Mouth Nels, a Danish fisherman. There was John

Bean, who said he was an English lord. There was a German who said he was an officer in the German Navy.

There is a funny story about how Toejam Hill got its name. These people spent a lot of time in the tavern at the foot of the hill. When the bartender saw them coming, he would say, "I'll just mix up a little toejam for them. They'll never know the difference."

By "toejam" he meant any old rotgut he could find on the shelves. He served it to them, and they drank it. So the place was called Toejam Hill.

You may hear other stories of how Toejam Hill got its name. In fact, you may hear a lot of different stories about those early days. People used to entertain each other by telling these stories. As they were told and re-told, they grew into legends.

The Japanese Village

By 1903 there were 300 people living in the Japanese village. It had two churches--one Buddhist and one Baptist. It had three bathhouses, where people could take a nice hot Japanese bath for 25 cents.

There were two barber shops. Haircuts were 15 cents apiece. There was a place where people could buy tofu.

Tofu is a cake made of soybeans, which Japanese people like very much.

A mailman delivered letters from door to door. Many people read a newspaper, printed in the Japanese language, that was sent from Seattle.

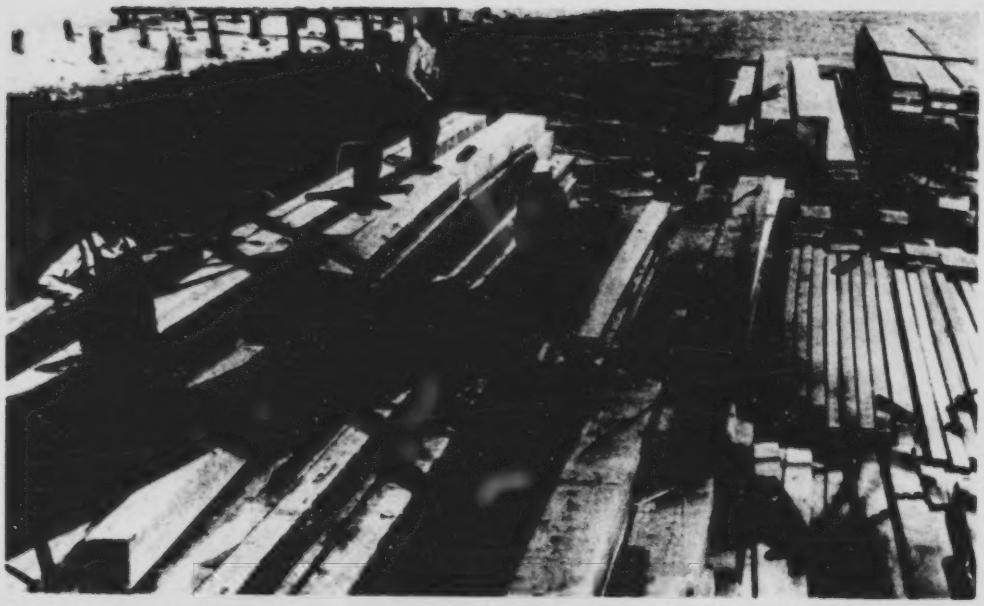
Mrs. Haruko Yoshida is Mr. Kono's daughter. She remembers most of the houses and buildings in the village. They were all small and crowded together, but she says they were well built.

They were not painted on the outside, but inside they were fixed up with paint and wallpaper. The people also planted lovely Japanese plum trees, cherry trees, and flowers.

Mr. Kono built a hotel in the village. It had ten guest rooms and a restaurant that served Japanese noodles.

One room was for the man from the Japanese grocery in Seattle. He came once a month to take orders for the Japanese food that the people liked to eat. Two actors sometimes rented another room. They acted in Japanese plays for the people's enjoyment.

The people of the village kept on doing most things the same way they did them in Japan. Most of them didn't learn much English. Everybody in the village understood and spoke Japanese.



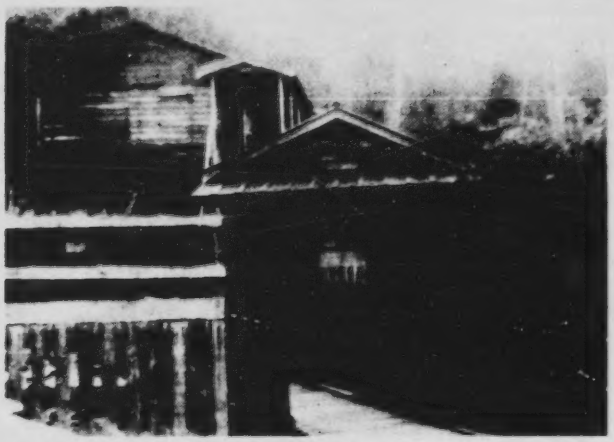
Slab Harry (white hat) and co-workers at Pt. Blakely mill

Bon Odori Festival: Members of Buddhist churches honor the dead at Port Blakely Cemetery

Children play in front of Takayoshi's ice cream parlor
in the Japanese village

Japanese girls dress in kimonos for a special program
in Takayoshi's dance hall

Japanese village about 1905, looking up the hill



One of the bigger buildings in the village

A Japanese housewife hauling water from the creek

Mrs. Yoshida was the first child born to a Japanese family on the island. She was born at Port Blakely in 1894. When she started to school, she was the only Japanese child there.

The teachers and the other schoolchildren were kind to her. She soon learned English and made many friends. She remembers being very happy at school.

The children and young people of the village had a lot to do. They played baseball at a ballpark up the hill. There were also a youth club, a picnic area, and a pool hall.

In 1904 Rev. Hirakawa started a Sunday school. His first pupils were Mrs. Yoshida, her sister, and another girl. He held class in the little church that he and three other men built with their own hands. Before long there were thirty children in the class.

Women's Work

The women of the Japanese village worked hard in their homes. They cooked, cleaned house, and took care of their children. It was hard work because they had no running water indoors. They had to go down to the creek and carry water up in buckets for washing and for doing their chores.

Some of the women had jobs as housekeepers too. They did housework in the homes of white women on the other side

of the harbor. Mrs. Nakao sometimes walked all the way to a house at Crystal Springs and back. After she did all the housework there, she was paid 50 cents a day.

Sometimes a Japanese housewife could find time to help someone else who needed it. Mrs. Adams remembers the time her mother had a heart attack. Mrs. Takayoshi would come over and do the housework. She didn't get any money for it. She just did it as a friend.

Slab Harry

The Japanese mill workers couldn't get the good jobs in the mill, so some of them started little businesses of their own. One man who did that was Torazo Nakao. He was Mrs. Nakao's husband.

Mr. Nakao was called "Slab Harry" by the white people. He had a job hauling the leftover slabs away to be burned. The mill kept a big fire going day and night, just to burn up the slabs.

Slabs are the first slices sawn off a log. They are curved on one side and flat on the other. They are no good for making planks, but they can be ground up and used in other ways.

Nowadays slabs are saved. In fact, nowadays nearly every part of a tree is used, even the bark. Many years

ago, though, the supply of wood seemed endless. The mill owners didn't want to be bothered with odd pieces like slabs. They were clumsy to handle.

Slab Harry found a way to make a business out of the slabs. He sold some to the "Monticello" and other steamships when they called at Port Blakely. They burned the slabs to run their engines.

Before long there were five or six other Japanese men working for Slab Harry. They had to load the slabs when the tide was just right. This meant that they often worked at night and very early in the morning before it was light.

Slab Harry and his wife also ran the tofu shop in the Japanese village. He worked hard, and did well in business.

The Town That Vanished

When you look at Port Blakely harbor today it's hard to believe that a lot of people used to live and work there. All you see are a few scattered houses, a few sailboats rolling at anchor, and a lot of empty beach.

Three generations ago you would have seen the harbor jammed with ships. You would have seen many houses, stores, churches, and meeting halls on the hillsides. You would have seen wharves built out over the beach, from the

Japanese village clear around to the north side of the harbor.

The mill even had its own railroad. There were 35 miles of track that ran around the harbor and into the woods. Four engines were always busy, hauling logs and supplies.

Where did everything go? Well, a lot of it was destroyed by fire. The mill burned down twice and was rebuilt twice.

The first time, in 1888, it was rebuilt bigger than ever. People said it was the biggest sawmill in the world. But the second time, in 1907, only half of it was rebuilt. The supply of big trees was running out.

The mill quit for good after the First World War. Most of the buildings were torn down. The wood in them was used to make other buildings on the island. Maybe the house you live in is made of wood that once was part of old Port Blakely.

What happened to the people when the town disappeared? Some went back to their native lands. Some found other jobs somewhere else in America. Slab Harry and some others bought land and stayed on the island.

There are many descendants of the Japanese mill workers who still live on Bainbridge Island today.

GENERAL TAKAYOSHI

Sometime before he came to America, Kiyonosuke Takayoshi was a general in the Imperial Japanese Army. The ship that brought him and his family was supposed to land in Boston. Somehow it ended up in Port Blakely--3,000 miles from Boston. That was in 1899.

General and Mrs. Takayoshi

General Takayoshi stayed in Port Blakely and started a general store in the Japanese village. After Mr. Kono left, he became the unofficial "mayor" of the village.

Besides the general store, he had an ice cream parlor, a photo studio, a watch repair business, and a dance hall. He raised chickens, pigs, and cows. Behind his house he kept a beautiful Japanese garden. In the garden were miniature trees, called bonsai trees.

Most Japanese men in Port Blakely were busy workers, but General Takayoshi was one of the busiest. He had a lot to take care of. He got up at 3:00 in the morning to make the ice cream for the ice cream parlor. All day he sold groceries, took pictures, fixed watches, and tended his animals. After dark he developed the pictures he had taken during the day.

General Takayoshi's store was well known to everybody who lived in Port Blakely. Many people who grew up on the other side of the harbor remember going to the Japanese village on Sundays. The children loved to eat that good, creamy ice cream.

The dance hall was in back of the store. Kimiko, the General's daughter, played the piano while people danced. At other times people danced to an old-fashioned record player, the kind with a horn on it. Soldiers from Fort Ward used to come to the dance hall to meet nice young women. They danced with schoolteachers from the Port Blakely School.

THE STRAWBERRY DAYS

The soil and weather on Bainbridge Island are just right for strawberries. One of the island's first Japanese farmers, Shinichi Moritani, proved it. He grew the island's first strawberries in 1908.

The next year six more Japanese farmers planted strawberries. Theirs did well too. Soon Bainbridge became famous for its good strawberries. They provided a living for the Japanese, Filipinos, and Indians on the island.

Nobody got rich growing strawberries. There wasn't much money in it. That's why white people didn't grow them. On the other hand, it didn't take much money to get started. And the nonwhite farmers didn't have much money.

"All you needed to grow strawberries," said one farmer, "was one horse, one plow, and lots of kids."

A Start in Farming

Japanese men got into farming by clearing the land. The land around Winslow was covered with trees, and the owners wanted them removed. They knew that the Japanese worked very hard. They hired them to chop down the trees,

and sometimes let them use part of the land when they were through.

In those days farmers didn't have tractors and modern farm equipment. They had to blast the stumps with dynamite. Then they used horses to pull out the pieces. They used the horses to pull their plows too.

Not many people had cars. It was hard for the farmers to get their produce to market. Isosaburo Katayama had a farm at Island Center and sold his vegetables at Port Blakely. He had to load the vegetables in a wheelbarrow and wheel it all the way to the mill.

The men worked very hard for long hours. Soon, some of them had enough money saved up to think about having a family.

Marriage by Mail

There were very few unmarried Japanese women in America. So when the farmers started looking for wives, their thoughts turned back to Japan. And they began writing letters.

In Japan, marriages were arranged by the young peoples' families. Sometimes the bride and groom did not meet until just before the wedding. So the Japanese men in America

just followed this old custom. They wrote home and asked their parents to find wives for them.

The men sent pictures of themselves so the women would know what they looked like. The women in turn sent their pictures to the men. The wives who were chosen this way are called "picture brides."

After the pictures were traded, and some letters were written, and the families agreed, the young women would board a ship. They had to take a long voyage to America. There they would meet their husbands-to-be and marry them.

Many picture brides remember how scared they were. Most of them had never been more than twenty miles from home. What kind of man would meet them? What would their new home be like?

When the ship finally came to Seattle, the young women would line the rail. They would each be holding a picture and trying to match it to one of the faces on the dock.

At the end of the dock would be a crowd of young men. Each would be holding a picture and looking closely at the faces on the ship.

After they sorted each other out, the proud young man would show the young woman her new home.

Mrs. Suyematsu remembers how disappointed she was when her husband, Yasuji, showed her his farm on Bainbridge.

Nothing was there—nothing but trees. You can't grow anything, she said to herself, on land that's all covered with trees!

Mr. Suyematsu cleared the land with a horse. He used dynamite to blast out the stumps. Mrs. Suyematsu helped her husband by dragging away the branches. She took out even the tiniest twigs. Wilkes School now stands on the land they cleared.

When she looks back on it now, Mrs. Suyematsu doesn't know how she ever did all that.

Helping Each Other

The wives helped their husbands many ways. They often worked hard in the fields alongside them. Besides that, they cooked, cleaned, and took care of the children.

Whole families worked together to plant the strawberries. The men would make the holes in the ground. The women would follow behind and set in the plants. The children would follow and tap down the roots just right.

Planting time was always one of the busiest times of the year. If one family had too much to do alone, friends and neighbors helped. Afterward they would all have dinner together and enjoy each other's company.

Many Japanese farmers had one horse, one plow, and lots of kids to help in the fields

Cannery of the Winslow Berry Growers Association, on Eagle Harbor at Weaver Road

The fruit was canned in the home of Sakakichi Sumiyoshi, one of the growers. Everybody got together to do that. Then in 1917 the National Cannery Company was opened in Seattle. The growers sold their fruit there and let National do the canning.

The growers organized so they would get a good price for their berries. They called their organization the Japanese Farmers Association. They sold their berries for 8 or 9 cents a pound.

Bainbridge began to be known as the "strawberry island." The Bainbridge Island Community Club started a Strawberry Festival. It was held at harvest time, and the growers donated strawberries for it. The festival was held every year until after the Second World War.

In 1924 the Port Blakely mill closed for good. In 1925 the Japanese village burned down. Only a few Japanese families were still left in the town. Now they left Port Blakely, and many of them became strawberry farmers.

Japanese families from other places moved to the island around this time. They wanted to grow strawberries too.

The growers decided to do their own canning again. They figured they could get a better price for their berries that way. But this time they would do it right. They would build a real cannery.

They formed the Winslow Berry Growers Association. They built a cannery on a dock over Eagle Harbor, at the end of Weaver Road. They hired people to do the canning.

Two hundred people used to work in that cannery every year. The canned berries were loaded on Nels Christensen's boat right at the cannery. Then they were shipped to Seattle and sold.

The Return of the Canadian Indians

Picking all those berries was quite a job. Even with the whole family working, even with friends and neighbors pitching in, there weren't enough hands. The growers needed pickers. So about 1915 they invited the Canadian Indians to come down.

Now these were not the same Canadian Indians who used to come down in their war canoes. Many years had gone by. These were their children and grandchildren.

These Indians came by ferryboat, and brought their families with them. They came to work. Fruit picking was their work, and they were good at it. They were already coming to Washington State every year to pick hops.

Every year fewer hops were grown, so more Indians came to Bainbridge. The more Indians who came to pick, the more berries the Japanese could grow. The more

berries the Japanese grew, the more the Indians could pick.

Finally there were hundreds of Indians coming to the island. They worked in the fields and in the cannery. They stayed here for two months every year.

The growers put up bunkhouses where the Indian families could stay. Sometimes they just had them stay in old chickenhouses or barns. None of these places had running water or indoor toilets.

One barn had fifteen people staying in it. There were two families and some bachelor men. The families staked out corners of the barn, and the bachelors slept wherever they could find a spot.

Every able-bodied person in an Indian family would come to pick strawberries. There were no babysitters or day care centers for the babies. The Indian mothers had to take care of their children and pick too. So they picked in fields close to where the children were sleeping.

Strawberry picking is hard work. It's called "stoop labor." That's because the berries grow right on the ground. You can't stand up to pick them. Stoop labor gives you an aching back.

Usually the Indians got half their pay while they worked. When they were ready to go home, the growers would give them the other half to pay their way. The Indians

would spend the winter at home. Then in the summer some of them would come back to the island and help in hoeing and weeding the fields.

In wintertime they would knit woolen sweaters to sell. Canadian Indians are famous for the fine sweaters they make.

Laws That Hurt the Japanese

Some people in America did not want any more Japanese to come to this country. Others wanted to make it hard for those who were already here, in hopes that they would go back to Japan. Two laws were passed in the 1920's that made things tough for the Japanese.

In 1921 Washington State passed the Alien Land Law. This law said that foreigners could not own land unless they could become citizens. There was already a law that said the Japanese could not become citizens. So the new law was aimed at them.

(It wasn't until 1951 that people from Japan were allowed to become citizens.)

Sonokichi Sakai was a strawberry farmer. He farmed the land where Commodore Bainbridge School and the Catholic church are now. He wanted very much to own the land he was farming.

Mr. Sakai was born in Japan, so the law said he couldn't buy land. But his son Paul was born on Bainbridge. He was an American citizen by birth. So Mr. Sakai bought the land in Paul's name.

Many other Japanese farmers did the same. They held the land in the names of their oldest children. This way they kept it in the family.

Others had help from friendly white people. Tom Loverich was a Winslow grocer who held land for some farmers. The R.D. Bodle Company was a cannery company that did the same thing.

A Federal law was passed in 1924. It said that no more immigrants could come from Japan. That meant there would be no more picture brides. If a man still did not have his Japanese wife, he would have to go back to Japan to get married.

The new law made a difference between the generations in Japanese families. The "old timers" were the people who came here before 1924. They called themselves Issei. That means "first generation" in Japanese. They were the first generation in America.

Their children who were born and raised here were called Nisei. "Nisei" means "second generation."

The Issei were Japanese by birth and could never be American citizens. The Nisei were American by birth, and wanted to be just like other Americans. But they were different from most other Americans.

Their faces looked different. They had foreign names. They spoke Japanese before they spoke English. They ate different kinds of food. So most people thought of them, not as "just plain Americans," but as Japanese-Americans.

An Invitation to the Filipinos

After 1924 America still had stoop labor to be done. There weren't enough Indians to do it all. No more Japanese workers were allowed to come. The Chinese were kept out too. So America turned to the Philippines.

The people of the Philippines were friendly to America. Their country was run by Americans, because we won it from the Spanish in a war. Filipino schoolchildren heard more about American history than they did about their own.

In the 1920's the Philippines was in a depression. It was a time when jobs were scarce and education was expensive. Young Filipino men were given promises that they could do better in America. They were promised good pay and a good education. They were promised an equal chance at the good things of life.

Young men told other young men. As the promises were passed along, they sounded better and better. Some Filipinos heard that America was like heaven. They heard that they could get anything they wanted, if they would only go there.

Does this sound like an old story? Yes, the Filipinos came to America with big dreams. They heard wonderful tales about it, just like the Chinese, Japanese, and other immigrants who came before them. Just like the others, they found that America was not a bed of roses.

Filipinos came over by the thousands. They came on ship after ship. Some of them were men who later started the Filipino community on Bainbridge Island. (The Filipinos who worked at the sawmills all moved away years before.)

Most of these young men were children of poor farmers. Most of them never finished grade school. Labor bosses hired them to do hard work for low pay.

Most of them were sent to do stoop labor in Hawaii and on the West Coast. Some of them went to work in fish canneries in Alaska.

An Unpleasant Voyage

The bosses paid the men's way over on steamships. The journey took a very long time--about a month. That was

because the ships stopped along the way at Hong Kong, Yokohama, Tokyo, Honolulu, and Port Angeles. By the time they landed at Seattle, a lot of the men were terribly sea-sick.

They slept on little bunks crowded into the hull of the ship. Sometimes 200 or 300 of them were crowded together. Sometimes there were too many, and a few of them had to sleep on deck.

Their food was paid for, but it wasn't very good. Sometimes they were cheated. Felix Narte of Island Center remembers his trip from the Philippines:

"Just eat hot lunch around nine or ten o'clock at night. I think they are supposed to give us apples, you know, those people that are working there. But instead of giving us free, he tried to sell it to us. So what we did, we get wise, and everybody go around to him and then one guy push one guy so he dropped all those apples and everybody pick . . .

"He tried to make money for himself, because I know that was supposed to be for us."

When they landed in Seattle, the Filipino men went to stay in hotels in Chinatown. Sometimes two or three of them lived in one room. They didn't stay there long at a time, because they had to travel around to get work.

The Filipinos worked in the fields, the canneries, the railroads, wherever there was a job. They did the hard,

poorly paid jobs, just like the Chinese and Japanese before them. They might work one season in Alaska, and the next season in California.

It was hard to get the education they were promised. Anacleto Corpuz of Island Center finished high school in Everett. That was after he spent five years picking crops. But most of the Filipino workers didn't make enough money, or didn't stay in one place long enough, to go back to school.

Seasonal Work on the Island

In 1927 some Japanese farmers of Bainbridge Island needed more help with their crops. They put an ad in the Seattle newspapers. The ad was answered by three Filipino men, Philip Morales, Nick Bucsit, and Domingo Almirol. They came over on the ferryboat to pick strawberries.

Soon more Filipinos came to work. More came the next year, and more the year after that. They became a regular part of island life. They worked for the Chihara family, the Nishinakas, the Mojis, the Sakais, the Suyematsus, the Terashitas, the Hayashidas, and several others.

For about ten years the Filipinos were here during the strawberry season. They stayed in the bunkhouses and cabins

the farmers had built. They worked with the Canadian Indians and got to know them. At the end of the season they usually went back to their hotels in Chinatown.

It was a long time before the Filipinos could have their own land. They couldn't afford it. They came to America very poor, and something happened in the 1930's to keep them poor.

What happened was the Great Depression. That was a time when money was very scarce in this country. Jobs disappeared. Average people found themselves living like poor people. Poor people sometimes went hungry.

Wages for Filipino men went down to 15 cents an hour. In some places they got only 10 cents an hour. Everything was cheap then, but you still couldn't buy much on low wages like those.

It was a struggle for some Filipino men just to get food. Ben Rinonos of Island Center remembers how he and his friends got by. They lived mostly on rice because they could get it without paying any money.

They would borrow a hundred-pound sack of rice from a Japanese farmer to tide them over the winter. They would dig clams, catch fish, and gather seaweed to go with the rice. Then they'd repay the farmer in the spring by working for him.

Bad Feelings Because of Race

Some white people were as badly off as the Filipinos. Some were jealous because people of another color had jobs when they did not. They showed their bad feelings by tormenting the Filipinos.

Some Filipinos on the island had rocks thrown at them when they walked to work. The people who were throwing the rocks yelled out dirty names at the Filipinos. They yelled, "Go home, you little brown monkeys!"

Things like that would happen to Filipinos when they went by Bainbridge High School. Sometimes they were pushed around on the ferryboats too.

There used to be a bunkhouse where the Sportsmen's Club is now. Mr. Corpuz and some other Filipino men stayed there one strawberry season. One night a mob gathered and threw rocks at the building.

The mob came the next night, and several more nights, and did the same thing. The men in the bunkhouse got a shotgun to protect themselves. Finally the rock throwing stopped. The men didn't have to use their gun.

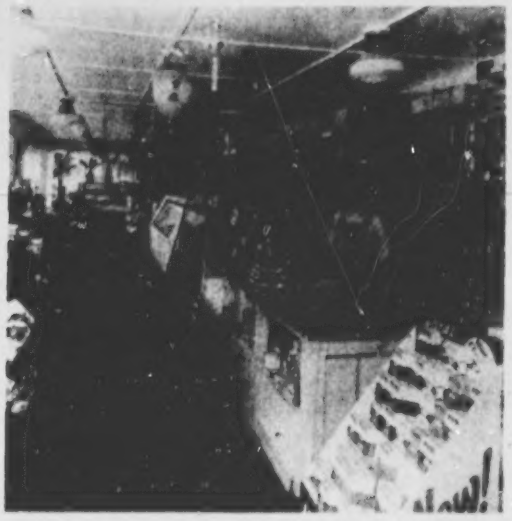
By 1940 things got a little better for everybody. Some Filipinos were able to save some money. One or two of them became partners of Japanese farmers. But they couldn't buy land because bankers would not make loans to them.

Phillip Narte (left) was one of the first Filipinos on the island to drive a car.

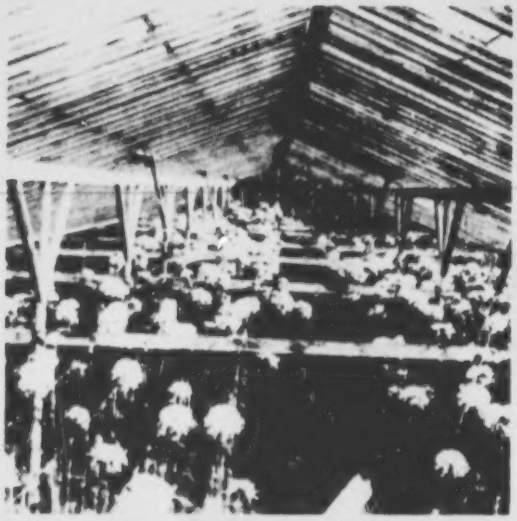
Five Filipinos got together to form a small dance band. Left to right: Maurico Calica, Valdomero Balagot, Gervacio Acildo, an unidentified man, and Lorenzo Calica.

The Gladstone sisters--Eileen, Anne, Mazie, and Clara--were Indians who came from Canada to work during the strawberry harvest. They all married Filipino farmers.

Japanese garden at Bainbridge Gardens, Island Center



The Harui and Seko families ran the store at Bainbridge Gardens.



Chrysanthemums grew in a Japanese-owned greenhouse at Pleasant Beach.

The Royal Banquet

By 1939 Bainbridge Island strawberries were famous for their good taste and their large size. The U.S. Department of Agriculture said they were some of the very best in the country.

More than 800 acres of strawberries were being grown on the island. Wilkes School, the Village, the Winslow Library, the Christian Science Church, St. Barnabas Church, Bethany Lutheran Church, the Little League field, Meadowmeer, and Strawberry Hill Park are all on land that used to be strawberry fields. The land where your home is may once have been a strawberry field.

The island got a very great honor in 1939. The king and queen of England visited the city of Vancouver in Canada. No king or queen had ever been in Canada before. The people of Vancouver wanted to serve them the finest strawberries that could be found.

Did they serve Canadian strawberries? No! Those weren't good enough. The city of Vancouver sent to Bainbridge Island for 800 crates of <u>our</u> strawberries. The farmers were all very proud that their berries were chosen for the royal banquet.

Gardens and Greenhouses

Some of the Japanese farmers grew other crops besides strawberries. Loganberries, raspberries, and Olympic berries were popular too. The Kitayamas, Katayamas, Takayoshis, Furutas, Kimuras, Haruis, and Sekos owned greenhouses. They used them to raise tomatoes and cucumbers in the spring and summer. In the winter they grew flowers.

The Takayoshis sold their vegetables to the Lynwood Store. What was left over was sent by boat to Seattle. The other families sold what they could here and took the rest to Seattle.

Many people on the island remember Bainbridge Gardens at Island Center. It was owned by two brothers, Mr. Harui and Mr. Seko. (Mr. Seko took his wife's name when he married. That was because her father had no sons to carry on his family name.)

Bainbridge Gardens had a greenhouse, grocery store, and gas station. All around, on both sides of the road, were beautiful landscaped gardens. There were tall weeping willow trees and tiny bonsai trees. There were ponds full of carp, a relative of the goldfish. People could park their cars and walk through the gardens buying trees, flowers, vegetables, or ice cream.

KANEKICHI SHIBAYAMA

Mr. Shibayama

In the cold gray dawn, a short man trudged along a dirt road on Bainbridge Island. He didn't know exactly where he was. He had no idea where he was going. And he looked very strange: He was wearing a suit and tie but walking barefoot! He carried his shoes in his hand because they hurt his feet. He had never worn that kind before.

This was Kanekichi Shibayama's first morning in America. The night before, he had jumped off a Japanese ship in Port Blakely harbor. He was treated badly on the ship, and he thought he could make a new life in America. So he found a road and followed the telephone poles to wherever they might lead him.

He had no food or water. He found an apple by the roadside and ate it. Farther on, he came to a farmhouse and asked for a glass of water. "Kon-nichi wa," he said to the farmer, "mizu, go-men nasai."

The man couldn't understand his Japanese. Mr. Shibayama couldn't speak a word of English. But he made himself understood by making signs with his hands. The farmer gave him his glass of water.

He kept walking till the afternoon. He followed whatever seemed interesting. When he heard a dog bark, he went toward it. When he heard a boat whistle, he turned and followed that.

When he came to a small brook, he was thirsty again. He stooped and drank some water. When he looked up, there in front of him was an empty soy sauce barrel.

"White people don't use soy sauce," he thought. "There must be Japanese around here." And he began to run.

Soon he found a Japanese farmer tending his chickens. The farmer's name was Uhichi Matsushita. Mr. Shibayama bowed to him and said, "I have been running around all day yesterday and today. Would you please help me? I have only 5 yen in my pocket."

"I took care of a stranger once," said Mr. Matsushita, "and he caused me a lot of trouble." Mr. Shibayama just stood there. He had nowhere else to go. There was a long pause.

Finally Mr. Matsushita said, "You may stay tonight in my house. After that we'll think about it."

After three days Mr. Matsushita said, "You appear to be an earnest fellow, and so I will hire you."

Mr. Shibayama stayed there one year and saved $300. That helped him get started in business. He worked very hard, and today he owns two shopping centers and several hotels and apartment buildings. The Village Shopping Center in Winslow belongs to him.

Just before the Japanese families were moved from the West Coast in World War II, Mr. Shibayama bought farmland in Moses Lake, Washington. His family was joined by the Sekos, Haruis, and Kobas, and they raised onions together. They were the first Japanese settlers in that area.

Because of that, and because of other things he did, Mr. Shibayama was invited to Japan in 1971. He met the emperor. He was given a medal, the Sixth Order of the Sacred Treasure. This medal is given to Japanese who leave their native land and distinguish themselves in another country.

Mr. Shibayama is grateful to Mr. Matsushita for giving him his start in America.

THE NISHINAKA FAMILY

The Nishinakas had all kinds of troubles. They moved from Japan to America to Japan and back again. They finally went back to Japan for good. But their children stayed here, and they have many descendants on Bainbridge Island. This story is told by their daughter, Mrs. Nobuko Hayashida of Island Center.

Tomokichi Nishinaka came to America when he was 23. He worked on farms in California and thought he would settle there. So he sent for his fiancee, Tomiye.

Tomiye got on a ship for San Francisco. But that was 1906, and San Francisco was nearly destroyed by an earthquake. The ship had to land in Seattle. Mr. Nishinaka had to come to Seattle to get Tomiye and marry her.

They stayed in Seattle, and Mr. Nishinaka worked on the railroads. They had their first child, Shigeko—a girl. Mr. Nishinaka was disappointed. He wanted a boy. Sons are very precious in a Japanese family because they carry on the family name.

They moved to Bellevue and grew strawberries. Their second child, Fujiko, was born—another girl. Now Mr. Nishinaka wanted a boy in the worst way.

In 1908 he heard that logging paid well on Bainbridge Island. He bought a tugboat and hired some Japanese loggers. They cut down trees, skidded them to the water, and towed them to Tacoma. The logs brought enough money to pay off Mr. Nishinaka's debts.

His wife was expecting again. This time, he thought, it has to be a boy! In November 1909 the child was born—another girl, Nobuko. But Mr. Nishinaka had already told everyone it was a boy, and he went ahead and had a big celebration. He couldn't keep it a secret for long. Imagine his embarrassment when his friends found out the truth!

Poor Mrs. Nishinaka cried because she couldn't give her husband a son.

One night when Mr. Nishinaka was towing his logs, a storm came up. It scattered them all over the Sound. It was hopeless to find them. Then and there he quit logging. He became a farmer and fisherman.

Another daughter, Fumiko, was born. Finally—on the fifth try!—they had a boy. They named him Kay. But now they had five little mouths to feed, and they couldn't make enough money. They had to go back to Japan.

It was winter when the family got to Japan. All the children got sick. The precious son, Kay, became so sick that he died. The heartbroken parents left their daughters with relatives and came back to America to try again.

They bought the Panama Hotel in Seattle. They did well. Another son, Takeo, was born to them. They were very happy now, and Mr. Nishinaka decided to buy a home and send for the other children.

He came back to Bainbridge and bought the Olsen place at Fletcher Bay. Mrs. Nishinaka didn't want to move because they were doing so well in the hotel. But her husband had his mind made up. He didn't speak to her for three days. Finally she gave in.

The daughters were brought back. Another girl, Midori, was born on the island. Now they were a family again.

When the king and queen visited Canada, the Nishinakas' strawberries were among those selected for the royal banquet. Mr. Nishinaka was overjoyed. He had his children wash their hands and pick the very biggest ones they could find.

When the oldest children were grown, the parents moved back to Japan with Takeo, Fumiko, and Midori. Four daughters stayed here and married. One of them, Mrs. Shigeko Kitamoto, still lives in the old home on Fletcher Bay.

"In spite of everything," says Mrs. Hayashida, "we had a happy childhood."

PAPA JOE RAPADA

Papa Joe was one of the Filipinos who came to this country in the big wave of immigration in the 1920's. He was born in 1906 and named Honorato R. Rapada. (Nobody calls him that any more.)

He grew up in poverty on a farm. He only went to the fifth grade in school. Many Filipinos came to America for the same reasons he did. This is his story, as he told it:

Mr. Rapada

I was 21 years old when I left to come to this country. I came on an American ship, called the "President McKinley," with some friends. It stopped in Hong Kong and Japan and a lot of other places, and it took thirty days to get to America. There were about two hundred Filipinos on that ship.

I had a hard life in the Philippines, so I just came to look for something better to do with my life. I didn't come to go to school. I just came to work here.

I landed in the Port of Seattle on March the 7th, 1927. The first day I went to Chinatown with my friend who was on the same boat. We got a room in a hotel. Then we looked for some jobs.

You couldn't get a job right away that time. It was maybe two months before I got a job. Then the first job I got, I went to Alaska. I worked in a fish cannery for three months. Lots of Filipinos, Chinese, and Japanese were working there.

For ten years I worked around Alaska, California, and Arizona. We worked picking apples, picking potatoes, picking hops. Any kind of job we work if we can find it.

We stayed in the camps, in Indian tents and houses that they furnished us.

It didn't pay much. It got so bad I wanted to go back to the Philippines. But I couldn't. How can you go back when you got no money?

In 1938 I came to Bainbridge Island to work in the strawberry fields for Mr. Matsushita. They had dances almost every night in strawberry season. At one of the dances I met my wife, Louise. She was an Indian strawberry picker from Canada. She worked for the Kitamoto family.

Along came the war, in 1942, they needed somebody to work in the shipyards in Winslow. There was lots of work. They paid me to go to welding school, so that's where I learned welding. After that I worked at welding in Winslow, I worked in Seattle, in Renton. But I stayed on the island so my kids could go to school. I got thirteen kids. My daughter Joy, she's the first Filipina girl to graduate from Bainbridge High School.

I bought a small farm in Manzanita, and I grew strawberries. And I worked at welding at night. It was lots of work. Lots of times I got up in the morning and went to work in the fields, then without going back in the house I went off to do my welding job. Then I would come home at midnight after I finish my work in the shipyard.

A couple of years ago I went back to the Philippines, first time back in 47 years. It was really good--lots of things to see. But my mother, my father are dead now. My nieces and nephews were really glad to see me, but they didn't know who I was till I told them my name.

If I get enough money, I may go back for another visit. But I will stay living here because I got my family here.

THE WAR THAT CHANGED EVERYTHING

The Japanese farmers did not mix much with the white people of the island. They had their own community hall and their own churches. They had their own festivals on their own holidays. They gathered on those days to eat their own special foods.

That was partly because the parents of the families were Issei. They were used to Japanese customs. And they didn't speak English very well. English is a hard language to learn if you didn't grow up with it.

It was also partly because the Issei didn't know how white people felt about them. It was white people who passed the laws that said they couldn't become citizens and couldn't own their own land.

The Indians and Filipinos didn't mix much with white people either. They spent their time with each other and with the Japanese. They were always a little afraid that someone would throw rocks at them or call them names.

A White Man's Country

Thirty-five years ago, most white Americans thought America was a white man's country. They knew the other races were here. But they didn't pay much attention to the way they thought or felt. It was hard to understand that a person whose face was a different color could have the same kinds of feelings.

Many people thought people of other races should be kept by themselves. Some even wanted to send them away. In the Great Depression, the Government offered to send Asians home if they would go. Not many of them went. They didn't have anything to go back to.

Then came the Second World War. White Americans began to feel pretty strongly about people of other races. They found themselves fighting against some of them. And they found themselves fighting alongside others.

During the war Americans had many feelings about other races. They felt fear, hate, pity, and admiration. They no longer felt that other races could be ignored. Slowly they began to understand them. America has never been the same since.

The Dreadful Day

Anyone who is old enough remembers just what he was doing the day America went to war. Mo Nakata of Winslow was playing golf when he heard the dreadful news. War-planes from Japan had bombed Hawaii. Two thousand Americans were killed.

He couldn't quite believe it. He finished the game. Then he went home to wait for more news. He wondered what would happen to him.

Other Japanese-Americans wondered too. Would their fellow Americans think of them as Americans? Or would they only think of how different they looked, and call them Japanese?

The Japanese in America had nothing to do with the bombing. Most of the Issei had lived in this country longer than they lived in Japan. The U.S. Government knew they were loyal. But the country turned against them anyway.

Rumors began to spread. There was a rumor that the Japanese farmers planted their strawberries in rows that pointed to Bremerton. That was supposed to guide airplanes from Japan to the Navy Yard, so they could bomb it. There was another story that the farmers had dynamite. People said they would use it to blow up the Navy Yard, Fort Ward, and the Battle Point radio station.

The FBI checked out the stories. Sure enough, some of the farmers did have dynamite. They used it to clear stumps. There was nothing wrong in that, but people were jittery and were afraid they might use it for evil purposes.

Frank Kitamoto had a lot of dynamite in his shed. It belonged to him and Felix Narte, his Filipino partner. They were clearing land they rented to plant more strawberries.

Mr. Narte remembers that he spoke up for his partner. "Of course I told them that is ours together," he says. "We used that for blasting the stumps, because we are clearing the place where we rent around Koura's place . . ."

But it didn't do any good. Mr. Kitamoto was taken away to a prison camp in Missoula, Montana. Thirty-three other Japanese men from the island were sent there with him. They were the fathers of most of the Japanese families on the island.

The FBI visited all the Japanese families and took away their cameras, guns, and short-wave radios. All of those items, said the FBI, might be used to help the enemy.

The Evacuation Order

Some senators and other important people said that all the Japanese in America should be rounded up. "You can't

tell a loyal Jap from a disloyal one" was one of the statements they made. They never said things like that about Americans who came from Germany and Italy. Yet we were at war with those countries too.

Japanese-Americans were singled out because of their race. People thought Asians were not to be trusted. They looked so different. How could you be sure what they were thinking?

The feeling against the Japanese became very great. Finally the Government decided to move them all away from the coast. The president signed an order to send them to camps many miles away. There they would be kept until the war was over.

The Japanese families of Bainbridge Island were the first in the country to be taken away to a camp. That was because the commander at Battle Point said they were dangerous. He was worried because Bainbridge is close to the Bremerton Navy Yard.

Soldiers came to the island in March of 1942. They nailed up notices in public places all over the island. The notices said the Japanese had eight days to get ready for evacuation.

The word "evacuation" means moving a large group of people out of a place where they are not wanted or cannot

stay. Whenever Japanese-Americans talk about that time, they call it Evacuation with a capital E.

Eight days wasn't nearly enough to take care of everything. The Japanese couldn't take anything with them but their personal possessions. They didn't want to leave, but they did want to be good Americans. So they obeyed the order.

Paul Ohtaki was a Nisei who was born on the island. He spoke for many of his people when he said, "There isn't any use saying anything about the evacuation. It's something that is happening and we might as well make the best of it."

"We go with the hope that we'll make a good impression," said Ichiro Nagatani. He was head of the Japanese-American Citizens League on the island. "We are just as good Americans as the next guy . . . only we haven't had a chance to prove it."

Some White People Who Helped

Some people spoke up for the Japanese. Mrs. Genevieve Williams was a good friend to them. She went to Fort Ward and spoke with the commander. She tried to tell him the Japanese were loyal and should not be sent away.

Walt and Mildred Woodward were the publishers of the Bainbridge Review. Paul Ohtaki worked for them, and they

knew many of the Nisei. They wrote many stories in their paper about Evacuation. They pointed out that the Nisei were born in America and, because of that, were American citizens. They said the Nisei should have the same rights as other citizens.

"About half of the Bainbridge Islanders are in favor of moving them," said Mr. Woodward at the time. "In fact, some say they are glad and that they hope they never come home. The other half are sorry for them and feel that they can be trusted."

Some businessmen quit advertising in the Review because the Woodwards stuck up for the Japanese. Some of the readers canceled their subscriptions. But the Woodwards kept on writing what they thought was right. Theirs was the only newspaper on the West Coast that said Evacuation was wrong.

Leaving Their Goods Behind

Most of the families had crops planted, but they couldn't stay to harvest them. In only eight days they had to find someone to tend their crops, harvest them, and take care of the land till the war was over.

To make things worse, most of the fathers of the families were many miles away in Missoula. Their wives and sons were

left to figure out what to do. Some of them were very worried.

Yoshio Katayama had $1,000 worth of rhubarb planted. He was afraid it would all go to waste. "A fellow doesn't know what he's going to do," said Ichiro Hayashida, who had 35 acres planted.

Johnny Nakata, Mo's brother, owned the Eagle Harbor Market in Winslow. He had a hard time finding someone to take over his business. On top of that worry, a bill collector showed up. He said he had orders to collect everything the Japanese owed before they left.

Johnny Nakata asked Mr. Woodward to write a story in the paper for him. But he didn't mention the trouble he was having. He wanted the article to say how much he appreciated all the island had done for him. He wanted to thank people for their kindnesses and offers to help.

The Japanese sold most of their belongings. A lot of things had to be sold for much less than they were worth.

The Kitayama greenhouse at Pleasant Beach held an all-day sale, and crowds of people showed up to get bargains. The Kitayamas sold plants, shrubs, tools, fertilizer, cars, trucks, furniture, and even a flock of chickens. By nightfall there was nothing left but a few of the chickens. A neighbor said he would take care of them.

The army sent soldiers to help the people collect the goods they wanted to save. Mr. Nagatani guided them around the island. The soldiers hauled the goods to the Japanese Community Hall in Winslow. Then the hall was locked and boarded up.

Three retired sea captains—B. F. Kunkler, Nels Christensen, and H. Bromley--were appointed to be deputy sheriffs. Their job was to guard the hall and everything in it while the owners were gone.

The Last Day

The eighth day was quiet. Almost all the Japanese were ready to leave the next morning. Their strawberry and pea fields stood deserted.

But every field was in perfect order. The families had worked hard all week, taking out all the weeds and staking the peas. They made a special effort to leave their land ready for production.

F. O. Nagatani told reporters how the Japanese felt. "We won't be here to harvest the crop," he said, "but the crop is there. It will be as good or better crop than any previous year. We hope it will aid the war effort."

That last day was a Sunday. Rev. Hirakawa said a farewell service in the little Japanese Baptist Church. The

service was hardly over when movers arrived to store the church's piano.

"What has to be has to be," he said. "I am glad for the fact we can all be together. I think most of us will return to the island together someday. Some are old and won't be back, but the rest of us will await the day when we can come home."

Rev. Hirakawa was an old man himself. He was nearly eighty. He must have wondered if he would live long enough to see his beloved island ever again. But he said it was God's will, and did not complain.

Sad Partings

In the early morning of March 29, 1942, fifteen army trucks fanned out over the roads of Bainbridge. The soldiers found most of the Japanese families waiting on their doorsteps with their luggage. They were allowed to take only the clothes and personal things they could carry.

There were many sad partings. Children had to give up their pet dogs, cats, and chickens. One little girl had to leave her goat behind. Most of them found neighbors who would take care of their animals.

When Mr. and Mrs. Yosuke Moji climbed into the truck, their big Alaskan husky, King, jumped in with them. Two soldiers came up to pull him out, but King growled and snapped at them. Mrs. Moji tearfully led King back into the house. He had to watch through the window while his masters were taken away.

The people were taken to the old Eagledale ferry dock. The ferry Kehloken was to pick them up and take them to Seattle. Some of the children carried bunches of grass from their back yards to remind them of home. Where they were going, no grass grew. But they didn't know that yet.

Some white boys were there who had played hookey from school. They wanted to say goodbye to their classmates who were leaving. Some adults were there to say goodbye to their longtime neighbors.

Some of the teenagers who were leaving wore the blue and gold sweaters of Bainbridge High School. Seven of the best players on the Bainbridge High baseball team were there. Half the team was being evacuated.

There was another sad parting at the ferry dock. Evaristo Arota was a Filipino and was married to a Japanese woman. He had to stay behind while his wife, Miki, was taken away.

The soldiers formed the people into a line. There was absolute silence as they walked aboard the ferry in single file. Some of the small children were skipping with delight. They were happy because they were going for a ride. But some of the older people had tears on their cheeks.

Then one little boy tripped and fell. He started to cry. As his mother tried to comfort him, other people started crying loudly. The soldiers were not used to seeing women and children in tears. They bit their lips and looked away to hide their own tears.

Many people remember this as one of the saddest days in the history of Bainbridge Island.

In Seattle the 220 men, women, and children boarded a special train. Only a few of the boys and girls had ever been on a train before. Most of them were born on the island and had never been farther away than Seattle.

Thousands of people crowded the railing overhead to watch. They knew that history was being made. Reporters were taking pictures that would appear in newspapers and movie newsreels all over the country.

Life in the Camps

After the train ride, the people found themselves in a new home. Manzanar was the name of the camp. It would be their home and prison for the next year.

Manzanar was in California, on the edge of the Mojave Desert. It was hot, dry, and flat. The houses were covered with tarpaper and looked like army barracks. The grass that the children brought from Bainbridge Island was the only green grass for miles around.

At Manzanar the families were reunited with the 34 men who had been taken away to Montana. But they didn't have the place to themselves for long. Ten thousand Japanese from California soon arrived and were crowded into the camp.

Children went to school and played together in the dust. Thirteen seniors got their diplomas in the mail from Bainbridge High School. Fifteen Issei started taking lessons in English.

Two Eagle Scouts from Bainbridge, Yoshio Katayama and Seiji Okazaki, formed a scout troop of thirty boys. Baseball teams were formed. Sachiko Koura (now Mrs. Mo Nakata) placed third in a beauty contest.

All these events were reported by Paul Ohtaki, Tony Koura, and Sachiko Koura for the Bainbridge Review. Mr.

March 1942: Mr. Sakai and his daughter Kay take a last look at the home they have been told they must leave.

Rev. Hirakawa preaches one of his last Sunday sermons before leaving Bainbridge Island in the Japanese Evacuation.

Thousands watch as the island's evacuated Japanese board trains in Seattle.

Hiroshi Hayashida, 3, waves the flag as the train pulls out. The other children with him are his mother and his sisters Toyoko and Yasuko.

Block 44 at Minidoka was "home" to most of Bainbridge Island's Japanese from 1943 to 1945. Houses were tarpaper barracks.

and Mrs. Woodward ran a weekly column about what was happening at camp. They wanted people to understand that the Japanese were only gone for a while and would be back.

Life wasn't all fun and games. People had to wait in line to eat at the mess hall. They had to wait in other lines to take a shower. It was forbidden to go outside the barbed wire fence. Guards with guns were stationed in towers to see that nobody did.

Men and women who had worked very hard all their lives now had little to do. They soon got tired of playing card games and Japanese checkers. Teenagers were bored.

Early in 1943 most of the Bainbridge Island people were moved to another camp. It was called Minidoka, and it was near Hunt, Idaho. They were happier now because they met Japanese people from Seattle. They were glad to be closer to home, even though they still couldn't leave camp.

Minidoka was still far from being heaven. It seemed that when it wasn't too hot, it was too cold. When it wasn't too dusty, it was too muddy. And there wasn't much privacy in the barracks where people had to live.

The Filipinos' Chance

Back on the island, the Filipinos were busy growing strawberries. They were growing them on the Japanese farms. They were the ones the Japanese trusted to keep their farms going while they were gone.

This was the Filipinos' chance to get into the strawberry business, and they did well at it. They moved from the picker cabins into the Japanese families' houses. Nick Bucsit took over the Moji farm; Felix Narte carried on for the Kitamotos; Sotero Dulay took over for the Katayamas; Garcia Almojuela managed the farm of the Chiharas.

Most of the Filipinos had a contract. They would harvest the crop that was already in the ground. Then they would plant and harvest another crop each year. They would split the profits with the Japanese owners.

Many Filipinos were sorry to see the Japanese go. Dan Bucsit remembers that he was grateful to them and hoped they would be back. Others felt that Evacuation was best. There were so many bitter feelings, they said, that someone might hurt the Japanese if they stayed. And then there were some Filipinos who believed that there really were spies among the Japanese.

The Filipino growers did what the Japanese growers had done. They formed an association. It was called the

Filipino Farmers Association. Tobby Membrere was the first president, and Felix Narte was the vice president.

The growers bought ten acres and a building at Strawberry Hill. They turned the building into a community hall. They put up another building beside it as a strawberry receiving shed.

The hall became the center of social events for the Filipino men. They held dances almost every night in strawberry season. Sometimes they had a band with a guitar, saxophone, and drums. Sometimes they just had a violin and guitar.

Hundreds of Canadian Indians came to the island every year in strawberry season. They came to the dances at the Filipino hall. Filipino men danced with Indian women and began to think about starting families.

Finding Someone to Marry

Not many Filipino women came to this country. Filipino men came over first, like the Chinese men and Japanese men before them. When they had enough money, they would send for brides. But something happened that stopped the Filipinos from doing that.

A law was passed in 1934 that cut down Filipino immigration. Only fifty Filipinos a year could come over. That law stayed on the books until 1949.

There were already nearly 60,000 Filipino men in this country. Not enough women could come over to be brides for all those men. So when the men were ready to marry, they had to look somewhere else.

Marriage between Filipinos and white people was almost impossible because many white people didn't like it. Some Filipinos who did marry white women were attacked and beaten.

The Filipinos found wives among the Indian women who came to their dances. They had a lot in common. They did the same kind of work. They had known the families for years. So in the summer of 1942 the Filipino growers and their pickers began to pair off and get married.

Pretty soon there was a lot going on at the community hall besides dances. There were a lot of wedding receptions. Some of the couples who were married that summer were the Thomas Almojuelas, the Felix Almazans, the Manuel Bucsits, the Paul Tabafundas, the Garcia Almojuelas, the Isidro Mapanaos, and the Sotero Dulays.

The Indian wives helped their husbands with their farms. That meant the men could take extra jobs to earn more

money. Many of the men took jobs in nearby fish canneries and shipyards. When the Filipinos stopped farming, many of the wives took jobs too. They did fish canning, sewing, housekeeping, waitress work, and other jobs.

The children born from these marriages were a new breed of person: Filipino-Indians. They are something like Filipinos and something like Indians. But they are not just like either one. They are Americans with a mixed background. Sometimes they call themselves Mestizos. That is a Spanish word that means "mixed race."

Land of Their Own

Pretty soon the Filipinos started to get money for their crops. They used it to buy some land of their own on the island. The price of land in those years was not nearly as high as it is now. Mr. Narte paid only $500 for 25 acres at Island Center. Mr. Corpuz paid just a little more, $1,500, for 20 acres.

Most of the Filipino farmers bought their land at Island Center. It became a Filipino-Indian neighborhood. There are several Filipino-Indian neighborhoods in the United States. Island Center is the only one, though, that is made up of Filipinos and Canadian Indians.

It was easier now for the Filipinos to buy land. Bankers and real estate people had a new respect for them. That was because the Philippines was our ally in the war. Its people fought bravely alongside Americans in the South Pacific.

The Filipinos on this side of the ocean had been here for many years. Yet they were judged by the way people acted in the country they had left. The Japanese in this country got the same treatment. Japan was our enemy, so American Japanese were deprived of their rights.

Helping America

Winslow Shipyard needed workers to help in the war effort. Many of the Filipino men went to work there as laborers. They worked in the shipyard at night and tended their farms in the daytime.

There weren't enough welders. The shipyard invited the Filipino men to learn welding, and offered to pay them while they were learning. Many of them became very good at this new skill. A lot of Filipino welders went to work at the Bremerton Navy Yard and stayed there after the war.

It has been said that some of the best welders who ever worked at the Navy Yard were Filipinos. They have always prided themselves on their work. During the war they knew

1942 was a year of many weddings. Evangeline Thorne and Manuel Bucsit, right, were married at the old St. Cecilia Church. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Almojuela, left, were their witnesses.

Strawberry receiving shed built by the Filipino growers

Pete Corpuz, Jaime Narte, Felix Almazan, and Philip Membrere share a meal after a hard day's work

Evangeline Bucsit helps her husband Manuel on his farm near Winslow

that American sailors and pilots depended on their skill. They knew what the Navy meant to the freedom of this country. They felt good about working there.

Many of them became American citizens about this time. Mr. H. Lewis was the history teacher at Bainbridge High School. He gave his time in the evenings to help the Filipinos study so they could pass the citizenship test.

Others got their citizenship by serving in the armed forces. Some of the island's Filipinos who served in uniform during the war were Rudy Romero, Domingo Almirol, Rosendo Berganio, Eddie Corpuz, John Madayag, Thomas Almojuela, and Bob Tabafunda.

When the Camps Were Opened

The Government saw how silly it was for the Japanese to be doing nothing in the camps when there was a shortage of labor. So the Nisei were let out of the camps to harvest sugar beets. This was about the same time the Filipinos were going to work in the shipyards.

The young Japanese worked very hard in the fields under the hot Idaho and Montana sun. But they were happy to get out of camp and earn a little money.

Soon they were allowed to take other jobs. They went to work in Illinois, Minnesota, and other eastern states. They weren't allowed to come back to the West Coast.

The Government began to trust the Japanese again. They were given jobs that helped in the war effort. Yoshio Katayama drove a dynamite truck at an ammunition depot in Utah. He could have blown up the whole place if he wanted to! But because of the president's order, he still could not go home.

The Proof of Loyalty

After a while the Government let young Japanese men and women enlist in the armed forces. This, more than anything, was what made white Americans respect the Japanese among them. They fought as hard for America as anyone ever did.

Many Nisei men from Bainbridge Island joined the army. Some spoke enough Japanese to go to language school. The school taught them to translate Japanese code and question prisoners. Bainbridge Islanders in that school were Milton and Takeshi Sakuma, Sada Omoto, Seiji and George Okazaki, Toshio and George Chihara, Peter and Paul Ohtaki, Paul Sakai, Nob Oyama, Sumio Yukawa, and Mits Katayama.

At first these young men were watched very closely because the army was not sure they could be trusted. But they soon proved themselves and became very important to the war effort. There was never a single bad report about them.

Others joined the 442nd Regimental Combat Team. That was a fighting unit whose members were all Japanese-Americans. They were sent to fight in Europe because the Army thought it would be hard for them to fight other Japanese.

The 442nd became famous in American history for the bravery with which it fought. No American combat unit in any war ever got so many decorations. They proved their loyalty with their blood.

Mo Nakata was in the 442nd and was wounded in Italy. At least six other Bainbridge Islanders in that unit were wounded: Art Koura, Henry Terashita, Isaac Sakuma, Bill Okazaki, Hisao Nishi, and Saburo Takayoshi. Mr. Takayoshi later died of an accident that was caused by his injury.

Art Koura said that many times, when he was fighting in Italy, he thought about his parents behind barbed wire in the camp. He also thought about good friends on Bainbridge and the good times they had when they were children. He wasn't bitter, and he wanted to come back to the island.

But some others were bitter. Many did not come back after the war.

DOROTHY ALMOJUELA

Family pride can make problems in mixed marriages. When Dorothy Nahanee, a Canadian Indian, married Thomas Almojuela, a Filipino farmer, her family didn't like it. They thought she should marry another Indian.

Dorothy was born on the Squamish reservation near Vancouver, B.C., in 1918. The Squamish have a tradition that the Suquamish of Puget Sound are descended from them. Many years ago, they say, the Suquamish left the Squamish country and settled in Kitsap County, where they built Old Man House.

Dorothy was the second of seven children. She went to a boarding school for Indian children. But she had to quit after the eighth grade because her mother became ill with Parkinson's disease. She had to do the household chores and care for her brothers and sisters.

Dorothy's grandmother picked berries every year for the Japanese farmers on Bainbridge. When Dorothy got a chance to come with her, she thought it would be fun to get away from home for a while.

The year was 1942. The Japanese were gone, and Filipinos were running their farms. Dorothy and her grandmother went to work for Mr. Almojuela. They stayed in an old chickenhouse and cooked on a little tin stove. Their beds were made of straw.

Dorothy fell in love with her boss, and they were married that summer. The Filipino community put on a big celebration.

Mr. Almojuela built an outdoor platform for dancing. There was a band to provide music. There were five cooks to fix pork and beef dishes. The party lasted all night.

Mrs. Almojuela's family soon got over their disappointment. Once they got to know her husband, they liked him.

They came to understand that it wasn't so important for him to be an Indian.

Mrs. Almojuela has worked hard with her husband in building their house on Day Road, running their strawberry farm, and raising their five children.

Mrs. Agnes Joe of North Vancouver, B.C., was Mrs. Almojuela's grandmother. She was one of the first Canadian Indian strawberry pickers who came down in the early 1900's.

THE WAY IT IS NOW

The Japanese-Americans and Filipino-Americans proved themselves to America in the Second World War. They shouldn't have had to. But they showed that you don't have to have a white face to be an American.

There are still race problems in America. There are still race problems on Bainbridge Island. We have quite a way to go yet before we understand each other. But we are learning.

Why Some Did Not Return

Only about half of the Japanese came back to Bainbridge Island after the war. Some were bitter about Evacuation. Some had no land to come back to.

But there were others who sold their land to their Filipino caretakers and went off to live somewhere else. It wasn't because they were bitter. Most of them have fond memories of the island.

The war changed them. It changed the way America felt about them. They no longer felt they <u>had</u> to stay on Bainbridge. They had seen other parts of the country. They felt they could live anywhere they wanted now.

Sada Omoto finished college back east and became a professor in Michigan. The Takeo Sakuma family went into the strawberry seed-plant business in Burlington. Keto Okazaki became a pharmacist in Seattle. Peter Ohtaki became an executive with Japan Air Lines in California.

Before the war almost all Japanese-Americans lived in Hawaii and on the Pacific Coast. Now they live all over the country.

The Homecoming

It wasn't all smooth sailing for the families that came back to the island. A group of people formed a committee to keep them from returning.

Some of these people were bitter because they had lost sons or brothers fighting against Japan. Some wanted the land that the Japanese owned. Others just did not like living around people of another race.

The Woodwards wrote in their newspaper that the committee was wrong. They repeated that the Japanese had the same rights as other citizens and should be welcomed back. Many people wrote letters to the paper agreeing with the Woodwards. Others were angry and called them "Jap lovers."

Two hundred people showed up for the committee's first public meeting. The leaders were pleased at such a big

turnout. For the next meeting, they rented loudspeakers and put them up outside. They thought the hall would be full to overflowing.

They needn't have bothered. The second meeting fell flat. Only 36 people showed up. There wasn't a third meeting.

The Saichi Takemoto family was the first to return. They came back on April 16, 1945. When they saw their old home at Rolling Bay, they were shocked.

Most of the windows were broken. Most of the furniture was gone. The fields were overgrown with weeds.

They slept the first night huddled under their overcoats.

The next day they had a visit from Rev. Charles Milne and other people from Eagle Harbor Congregational Church. They donated blankets, clothing, and other things the Takemotos needed. Twenty people from the American Friends Service Committee spent a day helping the family weed their fields. They helped plant an acre of strawberries.

The Takemotos were grateful for the help they were given.

Slowly other families returned to their homes. Some found that their Filipino caretakers had kept things in good shape. Others had much work ahead of them.

A funny thing happened to the Otohiko Koura family of Manzanita. They heard that a Filipino man was saying he wished the Japanese would never come back. The first night they were back, they saw the man coming up to their house. Under his arm was a long object wrapped in newspaper.

The Kouras were nervous, to say the least. They thought it might be a shotgun.

The package turned out to be a smoked salmon. The man brought it because he thought the Kouras might not have anything for dinner. So the Kouras learned that people don't always mean everything they say.

The families who came back say they are glad they did. The people on the island have been warm and helpful. Walt Woodward says now that he wasn't quite right when he said that "half of the island" wanted the Japanese to go.

The people who wanted them out, he says, were mostly workers in the shipyard. They were not real island residents. They did not know the Japanese as friends.

Most of the real islanders welcomed the Japanese back at the end of the war. Businessmen picked up where they left off. Mo Nakata and Ed Loverich (Tom Loverich's son) leased Bainbridge Gardens from Mr. Seko and Mr. Harui. Johnny Nakata became manager of the meat counter.

Later, the three of them built the Town and Country supermarket in Winslow. They still run it as partners.

Bainbridge Gardens is closed now, but Mr. Harui's son Junkoh runs the Town and Country Florist and Nursery at the Village Shopping Center.

A New Social Life

Before the war, the Japanese held their own social affairs at the Japanese Community Hall. People went there for parties, games, and Japanese movies. It had a youth club and a judo club.

After the war, these affairs dwindled away. The Nisei were the leaders of the Japanese community now, and they wanted to do things with everyone else. They felt no barriers.

Before the war, the Nisei went to Japanese Language School after regular school was over. They went because their parents insisted. Most of them didn't learn much. The boys sat in back and threw spitballs at each other.

The community tried to start the school again after the war. But it was no use. The children had no interest whatever in speaking Japanese. They couldn't learn to read a simple sentence.

There are many sansei (third-generation Japanese-Americans) on the island today. Almost none of them can

speak Japanese. They know a few Japanese words, but they say them with a terrible American accent.

The Japanese Baptist Church opened again after the war. As old as he was, Rev. Hirakawa lived long enough to come back and preach again. He lived to celebrate the church's 45th anniversary.

After he died, the people of his church went to the other Christian churches on the island. They no longer needed a church of their own.

The Buddhist Church is gone too. Most of the people who went to it have died or go to the Christian churches now. Some worship in their homes.

Marriages are no longer arranged by the families. That custom lasted up until the war. Johnny Nakata and Pauline Kawamoto were married that way. A friend of both families was the "go-between" who brought them together.

In the Evacuation camps young men and women met, fell in love, and got married on their own. Nob and Mary Koura were married during Evacuation. So were Chiz and Tike Nishimori, Flo and Art Koura, Kimi and Paul Sakai, Pauline and Hideo Terashita, and Mary and Elmer Yoshida.

Nowadays young Japanese-Americans choose their life-mates without much pressure from the family. Many of them marry people of other backgrounds. Mo Nakata's son Ron

married Sue Hawkins, a white woman. On the next page Ron tells his feelings about being different.

The Filipino Community

A Filipino-American Community Club was formed during the war. The Filipino growers association turned over the community hall to the club. The club still uses the hall.

The community club gives Filipinos an occasion to speak their native tongues, to dress in native costumes, and to eat rice, pancit, lumpia, and dinogo-an (native foods of the Philippines). This organization helps the Bainbridge Island Filipinos feel united.

Many island Filipinos still speak their native tongues of Ilocano, Tagalog, or Visayan when they are together. Many children of these pioneers do not speak their father's native tongue. Filipinos felt their children were Americans and should be taught mostly American ways.

Many Filipinos are still known for their extravagant parties when there is a wedding, baptism, or birthday. This tradition has been passed on to the children.

There is a lot of cooperation in the Filipino community. When there is a need to build a house, plant or harvest strawberries, or prepare food, many Filipinos join to tackle these chores together.

RON NAKATA

"In my childhood," says Ron Nakata, "My family was so large that only half of us could get together for family holidays. Other kids used to tease me about there being so many Nakatas. Many of them thought that all the Japanese on the island were relatives of mine.

"I was uneasy about being Japanese. Kids used to describe Japanese as having buck teeth, squinty eyes, pigeon toes, bowlegs, and glasses--and being very smart. I didn't see myself in that picture.

"In my mind's eye, I was a white person with Oriental features. Was I short? Well, shortness made for speed, agility, and strength. Did I have dark skin? Well, that made it easier to withstand the direct sun. Japanese, I told myself, were better developed than whites.

"I felt a kinship to Japan, but I thought I was as American as anyone else. I belonged to an old island family, and a lot of the white kids I knew were newcomers. But when I called myself a "red-blooded American," others would laugh. Sometimes they would ask me if I was born in this country.

"I loved and respected my grandparents, but they embarrassed me too. They were kind and generous, and I respected them automatically. Of course, I was taught to respect all elders just because they were old.

"To be seen with my grandparents in public embarrassed me because they looked so Oriental. It pointed out to others that I was different. And I couldn't understand them when they talked. Many older whites were surprised I couldn't speak Japanese.

"When I was a teenager I always daydreamed of myself with a white girlfriend or wife. But that's as far as it went. I was too shy to have dates. I felt insecure

because of my race. I was afraid of how I looked, how I dressed, and so forth. I spent my time working in the family grocery. I always had more money than the other kids, but I felt I was missing a lot in life.

"I am very aware of my background today. It still presents a mixed bag of emotions for me, just as it did in childhood. Feelings of pride and embarrassment, difference and harmony, worthlessness and greatness all are within me.

"White people still have set ideas about other races. In school I always felt the teachers expected more from me than from other kids. Now it's my employers who expect more.

"But now that I'm grown up, I'm glad I am what I am. I'm glad my grandparents were different, because I got to see--in them--how fine a person could be who was raised in the culture I come from.

"Though my children are of mixed race, I want them to know about their Japanese background--not as a source of pride, but as an identity. I see no harm in that. In fact, I sometimes feel sorry for those who have no unique background to call their own. Too many people lose their identity in our society."

The Filipino community has done things to make life better for everyone on the island. One of the lights at the high school football field was donated by the Filipinos. They gave it in memory of a serviceman from Bainbridge who was killed in the war.

The Filipino community donated a lot of strawberries for the Strawberry Festival. They have given generously to fund campaigns like the Bainbridge Foundation.

When the war was over, relations between the Filipinos and Japanese remained close. Nick Bucsit continued to work and live with the Moji family for several years. The Hayashidas and the T. Madayags continue a close friendship today, and such is true with several other families in both communities.

The Filipinos and Filipino-Indians haven't joined in with the larger community as the Japanese have. Only lately has this begun to change. There are many reasons for this.

One reason is that they haven't been here as long. Many of them grew up in another country. Sometimes their English is not very good, and they feel embarrassed because of it.

Another reason is that some of the Filipinos still don't have much money. They came to this country at a bad time.

Issei gather for a memorial service for someone in the Japanese community who has died

The Filipino Community Hall at Strawberry Hill

A Filipino community party: Vincent Almojuera, Patricia Tabafunda, Gloria Rico, Ross Berganio, Anacleto Corpuz, Pauline Thorne, Eddie Corpuz, Frances Rico

Mary and Bob Tabafunda, the island's first all-Filipino couple

Minority Ethnic Coalition's Christmas bazaar: front, Kathy and Elena Rinonos; rear, Penny Miguel, Marcie and Elena Tabafunda, Kimi Rapada, Elena Rico, Jeanette Ocampo, Gilda Corpuz, Eloise Romero, and Judy Rapada

A family from Vietnam: Pham Thuc Ngoc, Pham Yen Thi, Joyce Veterane (the family's sponsor), Pham Minh Hang, Pham Minh Tram Ngoc, Pham Minh Vanh, Vu Khieu Thi, and Doan Hoa

Because of the Great Depression, it was a long time before they could get good jobs or an education. The doors of opportunity were slammed shut to them.

Finally they got into strawberry growing, and in good years they bought their own land. But strawberry land doesn't yield much profit until it is sold. Some of the Filipinos also were hurt by bad strawberry seasons in the early 1950's. The season of 1955 was the worst. Some of the Filipino growers went broke that year.

There were people who took advantage of the Filipinos at that time. One canning company made big loans to farmers, then demanded full payment when they didn't have the money. The farmers had to give up their land to the company.

Another reason is the mixed marriages. The Mestizos are still trying to find their place in the world. They aren't Filipinos and they aren't Indians. They're in between. They feel left out, or pushed out, of the white people's society. They have had many problems.

The Problems of Mestizos

If you don't graduate from high school in this country, your opportunities are few. You can't go to college. Chances are you can't get a good job. This is what happened to a lot of the Mestizos on Bainbridge.

Mestizos dropped out of high school because they thought they weren't wanted there. They were called names sometimes because of their race. There were fights with white students.

Some of the Mestizos stuck together and formed gangs. A few of them carried weapons to school. They thought they needed the weapons to protect themselves.

When a Mestizo was beaten up, it seemed that nobody said much about it. But when a Mestizo beat up a white kid, he had to pay dearly for it. He might be thrown out of school.

A lot of Mestizos just said, "What's the use of trying?" and quit.

Tom Almojuela is a Mestizo who did very well. He graduated from Bainbridge High in 1961. Then he went on to the U.S. Military Academy at West Point. This is a great honor, because only a few young men from each state are picked to go to West Point.

But even he had problems because of his race. On the next page he tells how it felt to grow up as a Mestizo on Bainbridge Island.

Ron Miguel is a Mestizo who dropped out of high school. He remembers the hard time he had, and he wants his children to do better. So he became one of the founders of the Coalition of Ethnic Minorities on the island.

Mr. Miguel and the other leaders of the Coalition had meetings with the school officials. They told the officials

TOM ALMOJUELA

Tom Almojuela

"In my pre-grade school days," says Tom Almojuela, "all family or social relations came among people of our own kind. There were white people and brown people on the island. White people didn't mix with us, and vice versa. The only 'white guy' I can remember early in life was the guy who ran the strawberry cannery, and all he wanted was our berries.

"Then there was school. This was the shocker. I don't know whether it was kindergarten or first grade, but a group of white kids were kidding me about the color of my skin. I still remember to this day the nickname 'Brownie,' and even one kid asking me why my skin was so black.

"I guess being poor also had a great deal to do with my feeling of lowness. I remember my feelings when the words 'brown' and 'poor' were used. At times I would feel like crying, and other times I wanted to punch out every white kid I saw.

"But after a while I began to realize that I could be just as good as any white could ever be, whether I had money or not. I had to develop self-confidence and get off my rear.

"I never really felt that I was accepted by the white group until high school. I think my breakthrough came through my being in sports. Sports was the key. Suddenly, I was 'Tom' to everyone. Then and only then did I feel

that I was more than just another person in the brown group.

"It always appeared to me that I had to forget what color I was and not let my nationality hold me back. But now, I realize I am not 'colorless.' My skin is not white, and I feel a sense of pride with being brown.

"I must now go back and teach myself again to be part of the Filipino-Indian group to which I will always belong."

how they thought the schools could be made better for the Filipino and Filipino-Indian students.

The officials listened and took some of the Coalition's suggestions. The schools started talking with the parents. They told the teachers about the students' special needs. They taught the other students about the Filipino and Indian cultures.

It worked. Only two Filipino-Indian students dropped out in the next two years.

Filipina Wives

The first Filipina wife on the island was Mary Tabafunda. (A woman from the Philippines is called a Filipina.) She came here in 1948.

Bob Tabafunda was in the Philippines in the Second World War. There he met Maria Soriano. He married her in 1945. She stayed in the Philippines for a few years after he left.

When she heard that Bob was sick, she came to this country to be with him. Not many Filipina women were allowed to come at that time. She spoke very little English.

When Maria arrived, there was a big reception at the Filipino hall. Bob's cousin Paul Tabafunda helped her get to know people. Paul's wife Virginia helped her learn the language and American ways. Maria changed her name to Mary.

Bob and Mary Tabafunda had a child, Linda, in 1949. Linda was the first child born on the island to parents who were both from the Philippines.

The law that kept out most Filipina women was changed in 1949. Now the other Filipino men on the island could marry women from their own background. Felix Narte brought back the island's second Filipina bride.

When Mr. Narte visited the Philippines that year, his relatives decided it was time he took a wife. "My mother told me that 'Oh, I got one for you,' " he says, "and then the other side relations said, 'No, I got one for you.' So they are fighting. But I don't know . . . so I followed my mother." He married Asuncion Vergara, and now they have six children.

More Filipino men took Filipina wives after that. The wives usually are much younger than their husbands. Sometimes they are thirty years younger. A lot of these families have small children who will start to school in the next few years.

The Future

The island has changed a lot since the Second World War. Not many strawberries are grown any more. Most of the growers are Filipinos. Only two Japanese families are still

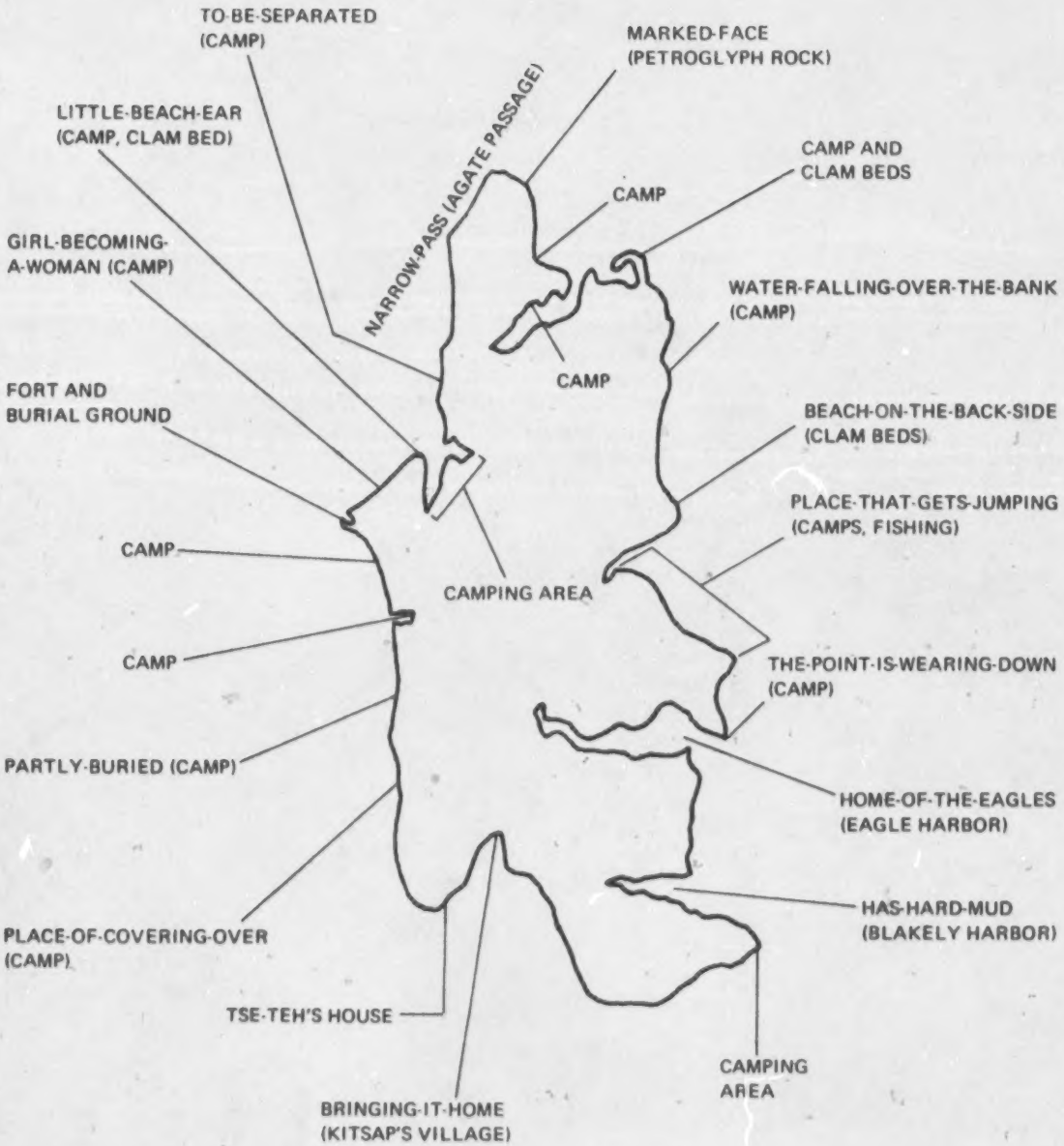
in that business. A lot of land that was strawberry fields is now covered with houses.

People move to the island from the cities and increase the population. A lot of these people have faces that are not white. There are about six black families on the island now. There are a few Chinese, some Indonesians, and a few all-Indian families too.

Last year some families of Vietnamese refugees came to the island. They look different, and they speak a different language. School is harder for their children, because they have to learn English.

The schools are learning ways to help the children whose faces are different. There will be more of them in the future. They need to know that people like them played a big part in making the island the way it is today. White children need to know it too. And they need to know what life is like for people who look different.

That is why this book was written.



BAINBRIDGE ISLAND AS THE SUQUAMISH KNEW IT

(Research by Warren Snyder)

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